



LOOKING FORWARD

►► It is a peculiarity of the moralistic mind in politics, that its inability to take a practical view of human nature leads it always to hinder rather than help humanity in its effort to reach the goal the moralist himself desires.

►► MONOGAMY, for instance, is the ideal sex relationship in the view of the Christian churches. A true understanding of the basic facts of sex life, physical and psychological, is one of the major factors in making such a relationship a success. Yet, the great majority of moralists, including most churchmen, range themselves on the side of censorship, and in favor of the conspiracy of silence. Desiring monogamy, they make it as difficult as possible to achieve.

►► THE SAME THING may be discerned in the bone dry prohibitionist. True temperance is the ideal of all good citizens. True temperance, whether applied to alcohol or anything else, is a question of character, which can be achieved by the individual only through effort and education. Yet, with good citizenship as his goal, the prohibitionist makes it as difficult as possible to achieve by producing a situation which strikes at the root of the character of the citizen himself.

►► AFTER TEN YEARS of enforcement, the furtive speakeasy has been substituted for the saloon; cowardice and hypocrisy have invaded Congress, and corruption has eaten into the officers of the law; the bootlegger and the gangster threaten society; statistics show that arrests for drunkenness are greater than ever before, and our young people, in particular, drink more than their parents did. The conclusion is inescapable. Under the idealistic cloak of achieving temperance we are poisoning the American character.

►► BURKE SAID, you cannot indict a whole nation. Prohibition proves that you cannot legislate one into the millennium.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE MEETING PLACE
An etching by Harold Denison

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and Independent

January 29, 1930

▶▶ The Future of the Hinterland ◀◀

THE HINTERLAND I would discuss is the back country of the United States; generally speaking, the territory detached from the great centers. Once it was the immense stretch of land beyond the Alleghenies. Today it includes all parts of the country, the village in Vermont, the town in South Carolina, the ranch in Wyoming. Once the detachment was a matter of geography; now it is a matter of economics. Once that back country was dependent upon the centers for money and supplies; now it pours into those centers both money and supplies. But whether the center be Philadelphia or New York, Baltimore or Boston, there it is that money rates are fixed; there it is that markets are to be found; there is the financial sovereign of the back country.

The places where center and back country rested may have changed. Once the center was a territory, like the back country. Once it was that stretch along the Atlantic seaboard, taking in Virginia estates and Knickerbocker farms as well as city banks and houses; now it is a line of cities, some of them running into the middle and far west—wherever, in fact, a Federal Reserve regional bank controls its millions. For it is not geographical location that makes a center, but its control of markets, conditions, money rates, and the toll it takes because of its control of them. In other words where wealth is owned, not where it is made; where income taxes are paid, not where they are earned. What makes a back country a back country is its lack of command of this wealth.

Once this back country had no money.

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The Hinterland of which Mrs. Blair writes is "the country back of, behind, underneath the city centers . . . wherever it may lie, in town or village, in mining camp or smaller city—in New England, the South or the Middle West." A very large section of America, therefore, comes into this study of the social, cultural and economic changes that have taken place in the author's own life-time. Mrs. Blair is a member of the Democratic National Committee and a frequent contributor to the magazines. She lives in Joplin, Missouri

It was virgin land, undeveloped, unpeopled. Men from the centers of that day loaned the money to men who were willing to people it and bring it under cultivation. With the help of this money they built up a country that in time had some wealth of its own. But money, somehow, abhors a democracy. Its instinct is ever for autocracy. And as the colonists grew richer, the promoters grew still richer and the control continued the same. Naturally the colonist looked to the promoter for advice, naturally the promoter took leadership. And the relationship continues to this day. I use the word "promoter" for lack of a better one and with no unpleasant connotation. The word "investor" would not do, for the men who took the control in this matter were more than quiescent investors. Many of them were great administrators, executives, organizers, economists and inventors. Some, even, were statesmen. By "promoter" I mean the man who used the money of investors to build up the present industrial system of the city-state, as by colonist I mean the man who was used by these leaders to develop the hinterland whose forests and coal and lead and zinc and grain and water power have made possible

the success of the whole system.

It is not my purpose to enter into any discussion of this industrial system, or of the city-state. I have referred to their development only in so far as it was necessary to indicate the relation between the men who live today in the back country and the center which is now located in the cities. It is not only that these cities control the wealth of the country

that goes into promotion work; there also are those things that give beauty to living—architecture, the theatre, the opera and concert; there are the centers of literary production and distribution—the magazine, the publishing house; there also are distributed and shown those things that make for a more ordered scheme of living—in short, those things we usually lump under the comprehensive and long-suffering words "art, culture."

So far what I have said will not, I think, be challenged by any student of events. Its statement was purely by way of review to lead up to my discussion of the present relationship between these centers and this hinterland and the problem it presents to the hinterland.

The relationship started, as I have said, as that of promoter and colonist. The back country was a colony of the promoter. To the colonist the center was home. Consider what this meant. The promoter had an interest in his colonists. He was responsible for them. Their success meant his success in a very personal manner. The quicker he could help them build up the quicker he got a return. He had a pride in them, too. The colonist, on the other hand, felt gratitude. He felt affection.

He took all he could get from the center, brought it home with him, and fed on it until he could go again to the center.

Well I remember those trips my father made "back East" to the men whose money he loaned on Missouri real estate. They had given him his chance, and he appreciated it. But that was not all of it. Their country was his country. There had been his boyhood. When he returned to our middlewestern home hours were spent telling my mother of Mary's new house and John's span of horses, of Sally's trip to Europe and Henry's election to Congress, not to mention their children, their marriages and the children's children in turn. But more than that. "Back East" his friends had finished houses, filled with furniture and bric-a-brac they had brought from Europe. They had lovely gardens, books, a few pictures. He was entertained at elaborate tables, served formally. "Back East" meant even more than that. It meant the theatre, the opera; talk about politics and new books; it meant auction sales and stores like Tiffany's and Vantine's where he saw—and often purchased—rugs and vases and dinner services, and Stewart's and Stern's where he saw—and sometimes bought—dresses and even hats for the girls, that were different from those made from tissue-paper patterns by our two-dollar-a-day dressmakers.

NO WONDER that we deprecated all that we saw about us, comparing it with that parent land. No wonder that we talked disparagingly about the manners "out here," the furniture, the architecture. "Colonial" we were, deriving everything from the stem, looking to it for a standard we could not meet. And, like all colonials, we had a bad opinion of ourselves and an exalted opinion of the homeland. Naturally, at the same time that we indulged in this humility, we set ourselves, and were assisted by our backers in the East, to reproduce as nearly as possible the effects we had left behind. Was it manners? Did our mothers not talk sternly of chaperones, use calling cards, import finger bowls? Was it houses? Did we not mark out square lots and set houses in the middle just as they had been back East? If we came from Virginia we made our house of white frame or red brick with a colonial portico and set it close to the street, or on a farm. If we came from New

England we made it of shingles, or clapboards, painted it white or grey and made the walk straight from gate to porch. If from Ohio or Pennsylvania it was more apt to be square brick painted grey or yellow, with a cupola on top or a rambling, top-heavy, ell-shaped structure.

Or was it culture, so-called? We had our small libraries. We had our opera houses, rectangular halls with tiny square stages on which appeared actors of nearly first rank sent to us on tour, especially during Lent, and musicians of the very first rank, also on tour.

IT MAY seem that what I write deals entirely with the Middle West. But, in fact, it is true—with variations in detail due to period and place—of most colonized country. It was true of Massachusetts and Virginia, of South Carolina and New York before the Revolutionary War and, indeed, long thereafter in their relation to England. Most of the smaller towns and the rural country along the Atlantic seaboard, after America developed its own financial and cultural centers, simply transferred their attitude from England to Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Richmond. There were, of course, exceptions in this territory, towns which became self-contained communities, as the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky and Arkansas and Missouri are exceptions to all I say. Indeed, in all the back country there were individuals who did sever their connection with their past. But it was not true of those who found the capital for the development of the new country; and in the first few decades of its development these agents for the promoter were the leaders, so that their attitude was the dominant one.

California, too, may be noted as an exception. It is probably due to the fact that the men who migrated to California were not agents of "back East" but adventurers taking their all or their nothing with them. Consequently they owed nothing to the East and they asked nothing of it. They became rich in a few years, so rich that they could do what they pleased. Without traditions to maintain, they developed standards and methods of their own. They established the cult of the native son; and in time they developed a self-contained community that can not even today be called "the hinterland."

It is of the real hinterland, the

country back of, behind, underneath the city-centers that I write, wherever it may lie in town or village, on farm or plantation, in mining camp or smaller city in New England, the South, or the Middle West—a hinterland developed by the capital of the city-center, dependent upon this capital for its existence although divorced from control of it. In its beginnings, as I say, it was a colonial hinterland. But it did not remain colonial. In my own lifetime and under my own eyes it has changed. Its relationship to the city-center has changed its character. Once colonial, now it is provincial.

What do I mean by "provincial?" The dictionary meaning of "province" is not so different from that of "colony." Both are "distant territory dependent upon a ruling power." But a colony is made up of people who go out to settle in a distant country. A province is a territory attached to the ruling power by circumstance. It may even be composed of an alien people who have been subjugated by war. The relation of the colony to the ruling power is, as I have tried to show, that of the client to the promoter. The relation of the province to the ruling power is that of debtor to creditor. The first is that of a son to a father; the second that of a serf to a master. This I mean, is the general connotation of the words; they are used here to convey an idea of a certain relationship. That of the colonist to the promoter I have discussed in some detail. Let us now discuss that of the provincial and his creditor.

HAVING financed the development of the colonies, the promoter naturally expected his profits. He collected them. There rose in the hearts of the colonists, then, that feeling of resentment that invariably follows the collection of a debt, no matter how just it may be. He began to criticise and dislike his promoter. He began to feel that his was not the fair share of the return. At the same time there came from the industrial expansion new opportunities for the promoter to invest his money. The colonist saw him do so—doing it with the very money with which he was "paying off"—and making ever larger and larger returns from these investments while the colonist was still "paying off." The personnel of the promoter and the colonist changed. The sons of neither had the feel-

ing of their fathers toward the other. To the son of the colonist "back East" was not home but where the interest was due. To the son of the promoter the back country was not a "project" but whence he drew his income. The promoter lost his pride in the colonies and the colonist lost his affection for his backer. They became strangers, members of groups with contrary interests, sometimes opposing ones. But always the control was in the hands of the man to whom

the money was due. He was the ruler; the other the dependent. And the colonist became the provincial—"a citizen of a distant country dependent upon a distant territory."

Of course this was a gradual change which came upon both ruler and dependent unaware. It was the campaign of 1896 that made them realize it. There the issue was joined. Mr. Bryan's Cross of Gold speech at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago was the challenge of the colonists to their promoters. It was also their swan song. For with that election they became provincials. The question fought out there was not only whether the United States should have a gold or a sixteen-to-one metallic standard, but whether the opinion of promoters or that of colonists should prevail. With defeat the back country ceased to be a colony; it became a province, with the control definitely in the hands of the financial centers, the provincials pouring in their tribute to them.

The attitude of provincial to ruler has been discussed. But what about the effect on the provincial of being a provincial? In what way is he different from a colonial? What is this change I have seen with my own eyes?



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

SATURDAY NIGHT BACK HOME

An etching by Harold Denison

For one thing, the provincial has developed scorn. Whereas once he had veneration for the customs and manners of "back East," now he is scornful of them. Nothing so damns one with the true back-countryman as to adopt or import them. In fact, in one back country place a man's political career was ruined because his wife had, during her husband's term in Congress, "put on airs," an expression to connote her bringing back from Washington a trained servant and certain customs there enjoyed. Another lost an election because his "house man" had called himself over the telephone a "butler." This scorn is also roused by things; but with a difference. Whereas once a victoria or closed brougham was anathema, now a Rolls-Royce or a Daimler cannot be suffered with equanimity. What may be endured varies with the community. Each has its own idea of what is alien. In one it might be a French provincial house; in another a private golf course. Riding to hounds is very "ultra" in some, while in others it is enjoyed by the farm hands. In general, one is not expected to import the unusual.

This scorn of the provincial is not, however, entirely due to his resentment

of his relationship to the city-center. So unaware are most provincials of this resentment that they would indignantly deny the possession of it. It springs also from the provincial's self-consciousness. Once he recognized his dependence, his need to maintain his ego naturally made him rush to self-assertion. Controlled financially he might be, but his individuality he would never sell. And so the imitateness of the colonist gave way to the individuality of the provincial. "Individuality" seems perhaps not quite the word. For in his effort not to conform to a foreign standard he denied to others the right to their individuality and demanded conformity to the standards already set up which, after all, had also come from the center. The result was that "to be provincial" came to mean "to be behind the times." Never did it mean to be original. For originality was the last thing tolerated.

Yet the reason for this intolerance was rooted deep in the provincial's own self-respect, or perhaps I should say self-esteem. For it was an effort, however ill directed, to give value to his own opinions, to control the conditions under which he lived, to be his own

master, at least in social things. If it led him to braggadocio, to the "this is good enough for me" and "if you don't like it you can lump it" philosophy, to the "big fish in a small puddle" attitude, it was his misfortune more than his fault, chargeable, in part, to another thing. And that was the detachment that had taken place between his past and his present. He found himself, not altogether knowing how it had happened, like a plant, dependent upon certain food, certain soil, having that soil removed and that food withheld. By food and soil I refer to the culture, however poor it was, in which he had been born.

A culture is like an atmosphere. One breathes it in without knowing it. But it affects one's outlook on things. It gives one an appreciation, a sense of values. It has to do with appreciation of the importance of books, even though one has not read them. It has to do with the evaluation of music, even though one is not a musician. It has to do with the approval of the drama, the lecture, the use of the college, the effect of religions. For all these things have traditions, a background that suggests stability and continuity and the sense of things not seen yet vitally important and real. Rebecca West in *The Strange Necessity* has made the argument that the Capones act as they do because they have detached themselves from their backgrounds, their traditions in coming to America. In somewhat the same way, although to a lesser degree, the back-countryman has found himself detached from his background, his tradition. The first generation of pioneers made an effort to keep themselves attached to it. Not only did they have their memories and their trips back East and their correspondence with their families but they sent their sons back there to school, they sent their families there for visits.

But the sons and daughters of their sons and daughters did not go East; they went to the state universities or local church colleges. When they went East, they did not go as colonials to their old home; they went as tourists to see the sights designed for the enjoyment of provincials. Texas Guinan, not the Theatre Guild, attracted them. They went to see the city, not to experience it. And, of far more importance, the lecturers and the actors and the musicians stopped coming to them. Witness the decline of the Chautauqua, of the local concert course. Today a town of eighty thousand can

Those who do go are dependent upon the locality for what they make and so take pains not to rouse that scorn. And so the level of what I am calling culture in its broad sense is lowered. It is evidenced by the type of entertainment that is now offered in the back country.

When taxed by the few with the low standard of entertainment offered, the men in charge of theatre or lecture courses insist that they must play to the taste of the majority. It is evidenced in the schools. Fewer superintendents of high scholarship are employed. When taxed with the fact,

school boards insist that such men are not popular with the taxpayers. The same school boards prefer graduates of state colleges to those who have attended Eastern colleges. "High-brow" and "society" women are not desired by the electorate to teach children. Normal school graduates coming from the neighboring farms or "girls who need the job" are preferred. The parents under-

stand them and they the parents, the school board reiterates. Their newspapers, too, record the same change. Once the back country newspaper contained editorials that were quoted the country over, developed writers who came to be national prophets. But their present editors know their circulation and must play to it. And seldom in headlines, news, features or editorials are they today original or courageous or literary. Even the churches are not exempt. Once the back country church fed the city pulpits. Lectures on Shakespeare were the product of the preacher's leisure. Today the successful back country preacher devotes the same time to Pollyanna cheer talks to business men. Rarely could one win a place before any city gathering. Perhaps the change is to be seen more blatantly than elsewhere in the back country's organiza-

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Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

SQUARE DANCE
An etching by Harold Denison

not bring as good "talent" as a town of nine thousand could thirty years ago.

I am aware that there are reasons for this, such as the increased cost of transportation, competition from the movies and radios, and the development of large centers through the country. But it is in the result that we are here interested. It makes those who can go to the city go oftener—and this was helped by quickened methods of transportation. It left those who could not go without the stimulus such entertainments offer. The great majority, of course, can not go to the center, and this in spite of the fact that many more go each year and far more than in the old days. Absentee culture, like absentee landlordism, brings no enrichment to the local life. Those who do not go naturally grow afraid of what is alien to them and express that fear in dislike and scorn of innovations.

For the Coast Guard

By WILLARD COOPER

MY next-door neighbor is a Commander in the United States Coast Guard. His family and mine visit back and forth as do most neighbors in a little city like New London. In my family there is no aversion to an occasional drink, if it comes with reasonable guarantee of harmlessness. My neighbor does not drink.

"I used to take a cocktail now and then before dinner. We kept our wine mess in the Coast Guard long after it had been abolished in the Navy. I like beer." He told me this wistfully, and added, "But since prohibition, I haven't even taken a glass of beer, except in Europe, where I could drink legally. Some Coast Guard officers may drink, but I know very few who are open to suspicion."

I have the advantage of him there. Living in New London, where the Coast Guard has its academy, its receiving station, training station and its biggest base of operations, I know several officers who take a drink now and then. But I have never seen a commissioned officer drunk and I have never seen an officer ranking higher than lieutenant who would accept a drink. They are not snobs. They are merely conscientious. They may not believe in prohibition, but they refuse to violate their oath to uphold the Constitution and laws of the United States.

Among these men there was almost unbounded chagrin recently when many of their enlisted inferiors managed to steal a quantity of whiskey that had been seized during a holiday anti-smuggling campaign that cost three lives. The thieves did not sell what they stole; they drank it. Their drinking was so indiscreet that many of them were arrested during a derivative brawl. Coast Guard headquarters immediately broke out in a rash of courts martial and investigations. While wet state's attorneys and United States Senators were taking the word of a surviving rum-runner that his boat had been fired upon without warning and were consequently demanding all sorts of punishment for the Coast Guard, the organization began an inquisition of its own. Newspaper reporting and comment on both incidents were generally colored by editorial views on the Eighteenth

The Coast Guard is in bad odor these days; but here is another side of the story by a man who has an opportunity to observe the service daily and intimately. Mr. Cooper is editor of "The Day" at New London, Connecticut

Amendment. You'd think the whole Coast Guard, from Admiral Billard down to the newest messman, third-class, had got drunk on confiscated Golden Wedding whiskey.

I resent the Eighteenth Amendment and I hate Volsteadism, but I am positive that no commissioned officer of the Coast Guard can be suspected of the remotest collusion with those who diverted seized contraband. The worst valid suspicion is that somebody in authority had not been adequately careful in appointing a guard over the prehended holiday hootch.

To my somewhat extensive knowledge of the subject, there has never been a hint of corruption in the commissioned personnel of the Coast Guard. Some warrant officers—boatswains and the like—have been convicted of complicity with rum-smugglers. Such warrant officers frequently command small boats. They are called "captain" by courtesy. Consequent publicity gave the impression that the convicted men held rank equivalent to a colonelcy in the Army. Yet in the most notorious case, that of a boatswain nominated to a captaincy from courtesy and elected completely to the title in the press, the acknowledged guilt was that of a good-natured man who could not bring himself to arrest smuggling fishermen who had been his life-long friends on Block Island. Publicity attending his case was altogether unfair to the Coast Guard. Unfortunately, the Coast Guard is not publicity-conscious, as a public relations counsel would put it. The Coast Guard gets a bad press because it is poorly press-agented. It needs an Ivy Lee.

Even in New London, the recent theft of seized liquor by enlisted men was generally regarded as evidence of widespread corruption. New London is wet, just as Alabama is Protestant. The attitude of the average New Londoner toward the Coast Guard is similar to that which made backwoods Democrats respond to the lash of Heflin in 1928 and vote "to keep the

Pope out of the White House."

Of course enlisted men in the Coast Guard drink. It is as safe to say that all sailors drink as it is to generalize about anything. Your ordinary forecastle hand, be he in the merchant marine or in a military marine, regards drinking, even excessive drinking, as a tradition of the sea. In history and fiction, if not in dignity, this tradition that Jack must have his grog is comparable to "women and children first."

New London policemen are forever arresting drunk and disorderly enlisted men. Some of them are from the Coast Guard. As high a proportion come from the Navy submarine base across the Thames or from the Army's Fort Wright, off the harbor entrance. Whenever the police raid one of those resorts to which they refer euphemistically as "disorderly houses," they pick up a sailor or two.

But it is significant, I think, that the Coast Guardsmen do so much drinking in speakeasies ashore. The liquor sold in those speakeasies is not smuggled liquor. It is almost invariably synthetic liquor, concocted from redistilled commercial alcohol and "essence." I am qualified by experience to say that no Coast Guardsman ever would patronize a New London speakeasy if it were possible to divert to his own use any of the liquor which is occasionally seized at sea. My acquaintance with the Coast Guard is extensive, some of it is intimate, but I have never had a drink that came from a captured rum-runner.

The recent incident of misappropriation was, I believe, the exception that proves the rule.

Natives of New London now refer to the "Poor Old Coast Guard." They use the word "old" advisedly. The Coast Guard was organized 141 years ago; it is older than the Navy with which it is amalgamated during war. "Poor Old Coast Guard" indeed! It needs defense. Today it is the butt of the wets. And the dries are not above placing on the Coast Guard much of the responsibility which they alone should assume.

Contemporary criticism of the Coast Guard is based largely on a misdirected malice toward prohibition.

Ten years ago there were fewer than 4,000 men in the Coast Guard. Today there are more than 12,000. Ten years ago the ideal, almost the average Coast Guard enlisted man was a Big Swede. By common consent of sailors the world over he was the best sea-faring man on earth. In those days, the Coast Guard patrolled our coasts to prevent smuggling and to apprehend stranded ships. It protected our fisheries and it protected the dwindling raw-material for seal-skin coats. It conducted a winter ice-patrol of trans-Atlantic steamship lanes and twelve great maritime nations paid Uncle Sam tribute for the service. Annually it salvaged millions of dollars worth of ships and freight. Annually it saved hundreds of lives. It sank menacing derelicts. It patrolled the boat-race courses at New London and Poughkeepsie and it hauled submerged automobiles out of the harbor at Milwaukee.

Today it carries on all its old duties and *no new ones*. It has changed, of course. The Big Swede is neither the type nor the ideal of the Coast Guard enlisted man. Having expanded to three times its ante-bellum size, it conducts its economic and humanitarian duties with incomparably greater efficiency than before, even without the Big Swede. Immigration laws and other regulations have made it impossible to recruit the Big Swede in quantity. The new guardsman is smaller—the minimum height requirement was reduced by an inch to correspond with that of the Navy. But the new guardsman is more agile, physically and mentally. He is better educated. He thinks less of the Coast Guard as an institute that will provide a livelihood for twenty years and then a pension. He thinks more of his job for its opportunities in promotion. Very rarely he enlists for opportunity in graft, but the service, a branch of the Treasury Department, is honeycombed with detectives from the Department of

Justice. These apparent enlisted men speedily weed out the racketeer before he finds opportunity for corrupt profit.

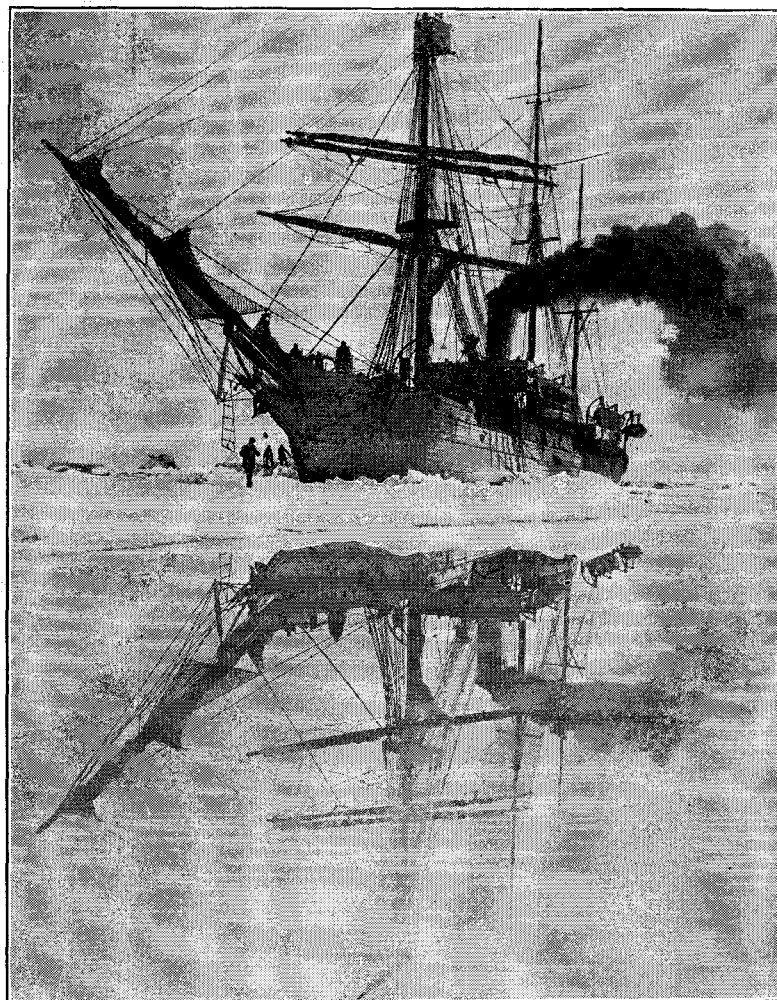
I have talked with scores of enlisted men. Less than half of them, and these generally of foreign birth, are in the Coast Guard merely because it offers continuity of employment. The majority find an expanding organization offering unlimited promotion. They all drink, but few of them take chances

and career-seekers, the enlisted personnel of the Coast Guard gradually is becoming nautically efficient. For the most part, training is thoroughly accomplished. The seamen of today are not all so adept in handling small boats as were the Big Swedes of 1916, but they are more versatile and, in spite of their thirsts, surprisingly loyal.

In the contemporary duties of their organization, their numbers more than compensate for the superior efficiency of the Old Coast Guard in the very activities which made the Old Coast Guard world-famous.

Last year the Coast Guard salvaged shipping valued at more than \$30,000,000—more than it costs to operate the Coast Guard for a year. No charge was made to owners. Literally thousands of lives were saved. The net result in publicity was not worth the newspaper space that ordinarily is given when a first-class gunner's mate gets drunk and thrashes a yeoman.

About a year ago I went out on a forty-eight-hour patrol on a seventy-five foot rum-chaser—a "six-bitter" in the irreverent terminology of the crew. The skipper (captain by courtesy) was a first-class boatswain's mate who also held the license of a chief-mate in the merchant service. Our patrol, he informed me after we returned, was



Ewing Galloway

The old Coast Guard cutter "Bear"

of association with anybody suspected of rum-running as differentiated from the retail booze business. They are keen on the chase, too. Their spirit is almost identical with that which sent many pacifists into the World War devoid of conventional patriotism but eager for adventure. I asked each man in a patrol-boat crew of eight what he would prefer to do if he got out of the service. "I'd be a rum-runner," each one said. Yet not one admitted that he would consider betrayal of the Coast Guard, during enlistment, as having even a possibility of profit.

Compounded of adventure-seekers

typical.

We left the state pier at New London and crossed Long Island Sound. At an inlet on Long Island we boarded an ancient tug, discovering several drums such as are used for transporting "alky." The tug's name, license number and description were carefully noted. We bent our course to New Haven. In the channel of the Sound we sighted a nearly submerged boiler. Utilitarian target practice with a machine gun sank the boiler, which, if left afloat, might have sunk any of the dozen passenger steamers that ply the Sound every night. We discovered an

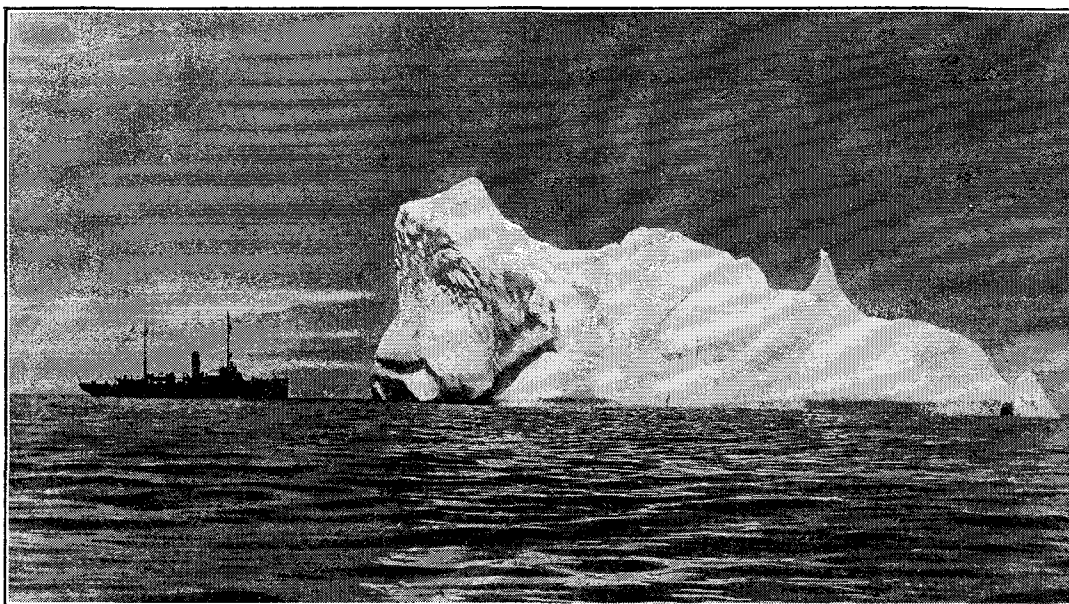
unreported shoal in New Haven harbor. Returning up the Sound by night, we politely requested the operator of a pleasure launch to show his running lights. He did so after arguing with us rather profanely. He was not exactly sober. Undoubtedly there was liquor aboard his boat, but the Coast Guard concerns himself exclusively with smuggling, not with consumption. A fisherman's boat, similarly running dark, was boarded and inspected carefully, but fruitlessly. Fishermen frequently smuggle contraband under their catch—not alone whiskey, but narcotic drugs.

Parenthetically, I may as well remind those who object to the apprehension of rum-runners that the boats engaged in whiskey-smuggling may also smuggle cocaine, or worse still they may bring in diseased emigrants from the slums of Canton and Constantinople to reinforce the racketeering gangs of New York and Chicago.

We put in at Block Island. There we stood guard over night on half a dozen pontoons which the Navy had left for experimental work in salvaging submarines. We crossed to Montauk against a high sea and beached a couple of small boats that had been dragging their anchors. I went ashore at Montauk and asked at a general store for a good bootlegger.

"You can't get anything but moonshine," a clerk told me. "Eight years ago, all the fishermen were running in good stuff but the Coast Guard discouraged 'em."

The Coast Guard discouraged most of such rum-running. They are discouraging the more modern smugglers, too, although the smugglers, through greater flexibility in finance, have built faster, more easily-maneuvered vessels than Uncle Sam has provided for his minions. But whatever the success of the anti-smuggling campaign, it remains true that the Coast Guard has saved thousands of lives. It has surveyed harbors. It has reported and destroyed thousands of menaces to navigation. It has captured many rum-runners, but it also has captured hijackers, drug-smugglers and undesirable aliens. Although its personnel is constantly in danger from the under-



Ewing Galloway

Winter ice patrol of transatlantic steamship lanes

world, it carries on for the most part with rum-chasing merely incidental to multitudinous duties concerned with marine welfare and security.

One night recently I had an argument with my neighbor. Perhaps prohibition has infected him with a sort of paranoia; like most officers of his organization, he thinks that the press is entirely hostile to all his work. But he made one justifiable complaint.

As an example of high-handed tactlessness—a reason why prejudice against the Coast Guard is so general—I reminded him of an incident of early 1929. A New Haven collier had been fired upon by a patrol boat, the papers had said. No excuse for the patrol's act had been offered.

"That affair," said my neighbor, "is typical of the kind of publicity we get. The skipper of the collier got to the reporters first, that was all.

"The patrol boat met the collier at night. The collier was steaming along, showing no lights. She was a menace to navigation, if ever there was one, and she was in crowded waters. The chief petty officer on the small boat asked the captain of the collier to show his running lights. The other fellow retorted with much profanity that he would never turn on his lights for a condemned whiskey-chaser. The fellow was drunk. After all other methods had failed either to compel the other fellow to show his lights or to heave to, one shot was fired from the patrol boat, a full hundred feet ahead of collier's bow—'across the bow' is the way it is put, but that isn't an accurate description. When the collier's owner

first heard of the incident, by reading New York, New Haven and other papers, he was highly indignant. When the facts finally were divulged, by civil and military courts, the owner fired his captain. Although I saw columns of newspaper space devoted to that drunken lout's original slander, I never saw one published word of the real story."

My neighbor thinks that the story was characteristic. He is less convincing in his extenuations of some acts by the Coast Guard, although as a rule when the newspapers publish such stories they publish only half the facts. But on the whole my neighbor makes a good case. He points out, for instance, that when thirty-five-dollars-a-week customs clerks and inspectors at New York conduct high-handed proceedings against people, the discredit, often as not, goes to the Coast Guard, because the customs service also puts uniforms on its men.

Undoubtedly the Coast Guard is suffering from a public misconception. Undoubtedly also it is the Coast Guard's own fault that the public is so often deceived. The organization is handicapped by the ancient military tradition of secrecy. It censors its responsible commanding officers. Almost invariably they are not permitted to give their version of any controversial incident to the reporters.

The Coast Guard has its faults. But it has virtues nobody hears about. The Coast Guard did nothing to bring about prohibition. Its members remain loyal to prohibition merely because they are loyal to the Coast Guard.

The Perils of Parity

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

AN ANALYSIS of the various influences which will be operative at the London Conference indicates that the problem of Anglo-American parity is in the way of a satisfactory solution so far as this country, Great Britain and Japan are concerned. There are those in England who feel that conceding parity to the United States spells the downfall of the British Empire. There are those in this country who insist that the sort of parity contemplated in the Hoover-MacDonald conversations is wholly illusory for us. They point out that even if we had ship for ship, ton for ton and gun for gun with the British navy, Great Britain would still retain her superiority at sea because of her system of naval bases, her twelve-year enlistment period as against our four years and her more extensive merchant marine.

There may be an element of truth in these contentions on both sides. But the conclusive reply to all of them seems to be found in Mr. MacDonald's statement that the risks of peace on this basis are far less than the risks of war on any other. This line of reasoning undoubtedly appeals to the Anglo-Saxon peoples and Japan holds with them. France and Italy, however, discern perils in this sort of parity—perils to their economic development and perils to their national prestige.

As Italy's contentions are an important element in France's concern, we may look at the Italian case first.

Italy was the last of the present European powers to attain her national unity. While Great Britain, France and Germany were dividing the world's remaining colonial areas among themselves, Italy was busy with problems of internal organization. She did manage to secure some arid territory in north-eastern Africa and in 1911 she took Tripoli from the Turks. She bargained for additional Turkish territory when she entered the World War but her expectations failed to materialize owing to the desire—and the ability—of the Turks to hold on to this territory themselves.

Not the least of Italy's problems is an exceptionally high birth-rate. The natural result of this has been to populate the Italian peninsula far beyond

In the preceding issue Mr. Norton discussed our naval policy, as it conflicts with, or runs counter to the policies of Great Britain and Japan. In this issue he extends the discussion to France and Italy, giving a more comprehensive picture of the intricate nature of the London Conference. Plainly, as Mr. Norton says, "there will be ample room for high statesmanship at London"

its agricultural capacity. Before the War, relief from the population pressure was found through emigration. But when the United States and other countries shut their gates against an unlimited influx of Italians, Italy had to consider other solutions for her population problem.

Industrialization was one remedy. But unfortunately Italy's supplies of coal, minerals and other raw materials necessary for large-scale industry are scant indeed. Many of the waterfalls of the Alps and the Apennines have been harnessed to furnish electrical power. Still Italy must import enormous quantities of coal and raw materials, as well as food-stuffs, every year. Most of them come by sea. Industrialization alone will hardly do more than retard the fatal progress toward the time when the high birth-rate must be balanced by an equally high death-rate. The tendency to lower the birth-rate instead of raising the death-rate is opposed by the two most powerful forces in Italy—the Catholic Church and Fascism.

Fascism has developed in Italy a nationalism which seems more consonant with pre-war than post-war ideals. Italy's excess man-power is for the Fascist philosophers "the raw material of empire" and the more visionary among them like to build upon it dreams of a revival of old imperial Rome. The more realistic appreciate that this is hardly possible in the twentieth century. They are willing to compromise. If they can extend Fascist rule over a sizable section of north Africa and the eastern Mediterranean, they will forego the rest of the Roman Empire—for the present at least.

But north Africa from Morocco to Tripoli is now under the tricolor of France. Syria, too, is a French mandate. Again in the Balkan states, which if not in the line of Italian conquest are at least a field for Italian industrial expansion and political manipu-

lation, France is ahead of Italy with treaties and interests that run back to the days before modern Italy was born.

France, everywhere France. Wherever Italy would turn for expansion or economic development, France seems to stand in her way. It has been an easy matter for the Fascist

press—and the Fascist press is completely under the control of the Italian government—to align Italian sentiment against France. This sentiment is perhaps the most serious menace to peace in Europe today.

Rivalry with France is the basis of Italy's naval policy. This policy is summed up in the one word—parity. Mussolini has stated that Italy is willing to cut her armaments to any figure, provided the figure is as high as that for "any other continental power." That means parity with France. The Italians are quick to point out the parallel with the American claim for parity with Great Britain.

The French, however, have by no means taken the same attitude toward the Italian claim as the British have toward the American. France is much more deeply involved in the question of world-power than is Italy. France may be the be-all and end-all of Italian naval policy. But Italy is only one of a number of problems for France.

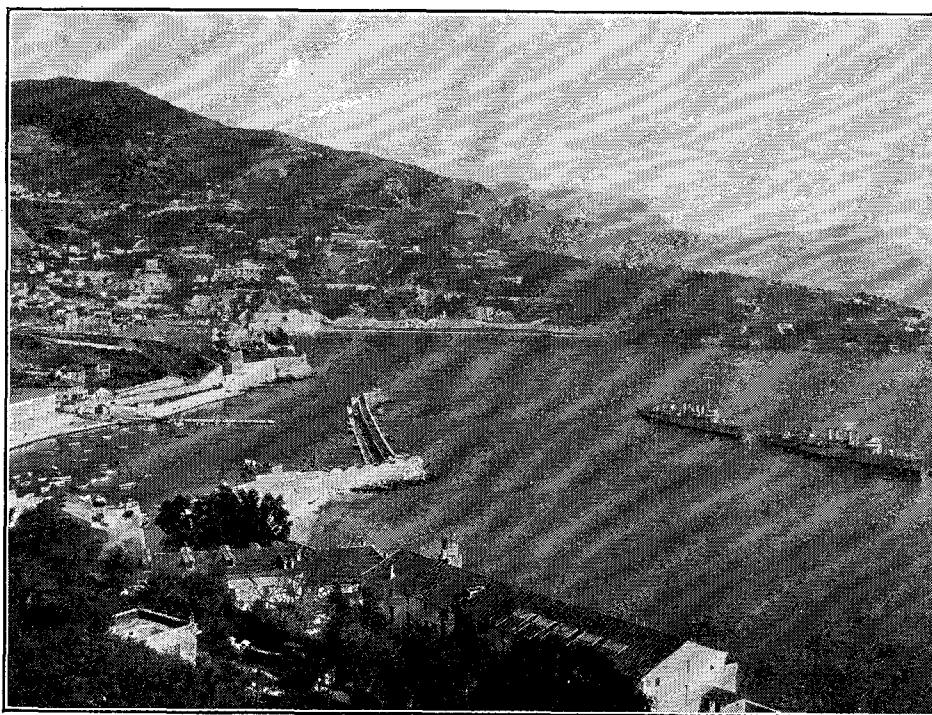
The World War made France the most powerful nation on the European continent. More than that, the struggle and its outcome revived the French spirit, which seemed tired and even exhausted before the crisis brought it to life again. This French spirit comprises two fundamental elements; a cultural tradition and a military tradition. They are not opposed in the French mind. Rather, one reinforces the other.

The revival of French military pre-eminence brought with it the determination to regain France's position in the front rank of world powers. There are but two powers which overshadow her. These are Great Britain and the United States. French gratitude for their assistance in restoring to her the military hegemony of Europe has not crystallized in any willingness to acquiesce in their supremacy on the seas. French opinion has been taught by its

political mentors that the ratio for capital ships assigned to France at Washington was most unfair to France. England and America are supposed to have taken advantage of France's wholly inadequate naval establishment—reduced as it was because of French concentration on her land forces during the War—to assign France to a position on the sea quite out of keeping with her real power. It was only because of the strength of purpose of the French representatives that the Anglo-Saxon powers did not succeed in extending the 5:1.67 ratio to light ships and submarines.

If the London Conference is not in French eyes a renewal of the effort to assign to France a position of permanent and general inferiority, at least French statesmen are expected to see that it does not have this result. France approaches the London Conference, therefore, with the firm determination not to be drawn in to the acceptance of any cut-and-dried Anglo-American formula which fails to assign to France the position as a sea-power to which she thinks she is entitled.

The French government has made its position quite clear in advance. France does not consider the Kellogg Pact as a sufficient guarantee of her security to warrant her in discontinuing her naval program. She pointedly assumes from the fact that Britain is retaining a large fleet and America is continuing to build cruisers, that they too appreciate the inadequacy of the Kellogg Pact. Nor does France agree to the assignment of ratios to the various naval establishments. She does not object to such



Ewing Galloway

Villefranche—one of France's Mediterranean ports

ratios in capital ships because she professes to believe that the day of the huge battleship has passed. In the really useful ships, such as cruisers, destroyers and submarines, she thinks each nation must satisfy its desire for security by maintaining ships according to its needs.

France estimates her needs as close to those of Britain and probably greater than those of the United States. She must guard her three coasts, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the Channel: she must protect her line of communications to north Africa whence she draws vital supplies and whence in time of

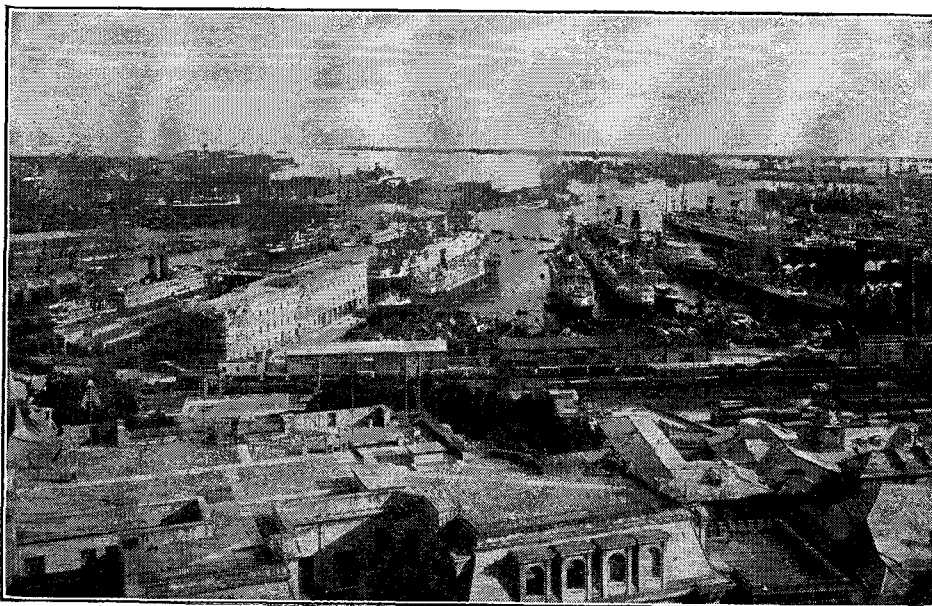
need she would transport her black battalions to Europe; and finally she must be able to control adequately the sea routes to her colonial empire, almost as widespread as that of England and ostensibly as important to her national economy.

To carry such responsibilities, France demands a navy far in excess of that allotted to her by the Washington ratios. Even then her fleet would be inferior to that of Great Britain or the United States, so France cannot be accused of obstructing progress in disarmament.

As for Italy, her claim to general parity with France is ridiculed. France would be willing to consider parity in the Mediterranean but she must be able to maintain that parity under all circumstances. With her obligations in other waters, general parity with Italy would mean inferiority to Italy in the Mediterranean. This France cannot consider, especially in view of the possibility of an Italian-Spanish combination against her. Italy's reply to this contention is that if France has forces in the Mediterranean equal to Italy's and additional fleets elsewhere, she could in case of a Franco-Italian clash overwhelm the Italian forces by moving those fleets into the Mediterranean.

France suggests as a way out of this impasse an agreement of "mutual guarantee and non-aggression" between Great Britain, France, Italy and Spain—an agreement such as already exists

(Please Turn to Page 197)



Ewing Galloway

The busy harbor of Genoa

►► The Trend of Events ◀◀

►► The Wickersham Report

TWO WEEKS after publication the Wickersham report, together with the supplementary reports of the Attorney General and the Secretary of the Treasury, still demands attention. It does so, however, less for what it contains than for what it omits. It contains nothing that approaches the heart of the question. It omits everything save treatment of purely superficial weaknesses in enforcement.

There are, the Commission finds, four obvious difficulties—the division of responsibility between the Treasury and Justice Departments, the disordered condition of Federal statutes, the trickery which defeats the padlocking of premises used by bootleggers, and the congestion of the courts. It suggests, first, that the investigation and preparation of prohibition cases be centralized in the Department of Justice, with the Treasury administering permits for the legitimate use of alcohol. It suggests, secondly, that all Federal laws relating to prohibition be codified, clarified, and simplified; it also advocates that state, county, or municipal officers be specifically empowered to arrest persons detected while transporting liquor and to proceed against them in Federal courts. It suggests, again, that the Volstead Act be broadened to entrap padlock dodgers, who conceal their interest in bootlegging premises or hide away from process servers. It suggests, finally, that congestion in the courts be relieved by increasing the powers of United States Commissioners.

Apropos of this last suggestion, it recommends that Congress define "casual or slight violations" of the dry laws. Then, it says, let casual violators who wish to plead guilty do so before United State Commissioners, who will report the plea to the court, which will impose sentence. Should the defendant plead not guilty he would be granted a hearing before a Commissioner, who again would report to the court, which would render judgment of acquittal or conviction. If the Commissioner recommended conviction, the accused would be privileged to demand trial by jury.

Further suggestions come from Attorney General Mitchell and Secretary Mellon. Between them they recommend increased pay and larger forces in the

offices of United States Attorneys, additional Federal judges, the prohibition of entry into the United States except at designated points, and the creation as part of the Coast Guard of a unified patrol to police the border.

Read the three reports down to their last "Dodge v. United States, 272 U. S. 530" and you read not a single word as to the wisdom or unwisdom of repealing or modifying the 18th Amendment or the Volstead Act. If their authors have any opinions on these all-



Underwood
CHIEF INVESTIGATOR
George W. Wickersham, Chairman of Hoover
Law Enforcement Commission

important points, they keep them jealously to themselves.

►► Getting Nowhere

NO ONE KNOWS whether the Wickersham Commission will get down to fundamentals in later reports. There is nothing to prove that it will. Many who supported Hoover in 1928 assumed that under his guidance there would be a thorough, unprejudiced investigation, probably followed by recommendations designed to liberalize the law and render it more enforceable. Mr. Hoover did nothing to dispel that assumption. Apparently his idea was to be as dry as possible without alienating moderate wets. To that end he chose his words carefully and employed all the time-tried tricks of obscurity and ambiguity.

Doubts of the investigation arose

when the President announced his plan for a commission to consider the whole question of law enforcement, as if prohibition were a mere detail. They arose again when Chairman Wickersham prejudged the inquiry by declaring that it was "intellectually possible, but not probable" that the Commission would recommend modification of the Volstead Act. Doubts are certainly not removed by the inconsequential report submitted now that the Commission has been functioning for eight months.

A few over-optimistic wets find comfort in the fact that the Commission's recommendations are made "without prejudice to any ultimate conclusions." A few likewise emphasize Mr. Hoover's plea for further investigation, into "the character of criminal laws, the benefits and liabilities that flow from them. . . . the respective responsibility of the Federal and State Governments." But most people are abandoning hope that the Commission will get, was supposed to get, or ever intended to get under the surface.

Yet the Commission's evasiveness and the President's ambiguity no longer satisfy. This is indicated by Representative Andrew's forthright bill which would have the Commission determine "what changes, if any, are necessary or desirable in the system of dealing with intoxicating liquors. . . . or in the laws relating thereto." It is indicated by Senator Glass's offer of \$1,000 to any one who will show him where Mr. Hoover has specifically favored the 18th Amendment or the Volstead Act.

There is a job of deep-digging investigation and of constructive recommendation to be done on prohibition. Why should not Mr. Hoover and Mr. Wickersham, both of whom know how to express themselves fully and clearly, come out boldly and tell us whether or not they intend to do it?

►► Ganna Wins Out

MADAME GANNA WALSKA, whose wealth, good looks, marriage to Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, and rather bumpy operatic career combine to keep her in headlines, came over from Paris a year and a half ago, to pay a visit to her husband. In her trunks were \$2,500,000 worth of jewelry and clothing. The eyes of New York Customs officials bright-

ened. As far as they were concerned, Madame Walska was plain Mrs. McCormick.



Wide World
NO SLAVE TO DUTY
Ganna Walska, wife of Harold McCormick, triumphs in American courts

Cormick of Chicago and her customs bill was \$1,000,000.

Mrs. McCormick, who might not have had \$1,000,000 with her at the moment, protested that she was not an American citizen. She was a resident of Paris. Chicago was a nice place to visit but she wouldn't live there if you gave her the place. Or words to that effect. Her point was that, as a non-resident, she should not have to pay duty. The Customs officials were not impressed. They still thought that, since the law had it that a wife's domicile was the same as her husband's, Madame Walska was plain Mrs. McCormick of Chicago, whose customs bill was \$1,000,000.

Justice is a slowpoke, and it is only now that Madame Walska's argument is ended. The United States Customs Court has upheld her right to exemption from customs duties on the ground that her legal residence is in France. The majority opinion states that the wife is now a distinct legal entity. "She stands upon terms of equality with her husband in respect to property rights, torts, contracts, and civil rights." She may acquire a domicile separate from her husband's by reason of his misconduct, or abandonment, or by his express or im-

plied agreement. Madame Walska and Mr. McCormick, it is pointed out, have always maintained separate residences by express agreement.

The decision is one which alert feminists will paste in their scrap-books. It represents a new right for women, and one to which they are unquestionably entitled.

►► Sugar Rates

THE SENATE SAT painfully between the horns of a dilemma while it pondered the tariff rates on sugar. It could vote to increase these rates and be denounced as the tool of the high-sugar-tariff lobby. It could vote not to increase them and be denounced as the tool of the low-sugar-tariff lobby. Finally, it escaped by flaying the low-tariff lobby and then voting as that lobby wanted it to vote. Toasted at the Cuban Embassy, it could afford to be complacent. Its skirts were clear.

The Lobby Investigation Committee submitted its report two days before the vote retaining the present rates of 1.76 cents a pound on sugar imported from Cuba and of 2.20 cents on sugar imported from other countries. In damning detail it recounted the activities of those who, to protect their investments in Cuba, endeavored to stir up animosity toward the United States in Latin-America, engaged in petty intrigues with Cuban officials, and bandied about the name of President Hoover, whom the report properly found guilty of "no impropriety nor anything open to censure or criticism." Altogether, these sugar bears spent some \$200,000. Sugar bulls spent as much and worked as hard, but were somewhat ignored.

Defeat of the Senate Finance Committee's high sugar rates, and of the still higher House rates, should have pleased the American consumer, saved perhaps \$50,000,000 in his sugar bill. Senate protectionists, awaiting the House-Senate conference where the bill will be finally shaped, have lost all interest in fighting. Senatorial spokesmen for Western beet raisers and Southern cane growers, beating their breasts over the plight of their "infant" industries, received little sympathy from their colleagues. The proposal to subsidize domestic producers by paying them \$10,000,000 annually out of the Treasury was defeated. Low-tariff sentiment persists in the Senate and the consumer is sitting pretty.

►► "Old Maid's Pneumonia"

THE "INSIDE"—probably false—on the great parrot fever epidemic is that it was born in the brains of certain dealers in canary birds. This explanation has it that the parrot trade is a menace to the canary bird trade and that the rival dealers hiss each other.

Not much is known of psittacosis (the name springs from the Greek word for parrot), though reports of its presence in various American cities have lately engaged the attention of local and Federal health authorities. Some experts incline to believe that it cannot be transmitted from a parrot to a human being. Others more plausibly hold that it is acquirable by human beings, but that comparatively few of the recently reported cases were genuine.

The symptoms of psittacosis resemble those of pneumonia; probably many of the alleged cases of parrot fever are pneumonia plus vivid imaginations. There is a psittacosis germ having several supposed variants, but not many physicians have seen it under a microscope or studied its effects on human beings. For the most part, reasonably well authenticated cases of parrot fever



P & A

GUILTY

Intimate microscopic portrait of a parrot fever germ

have been traced to recent importations. The spread of the infection among the

birds themselves is sometimes charged to the cruelly close packing they undergo aboard ship.

In the Philippines, where parrot's disease is more widely known, it goes by the name of "old maid's pneumonia." To contract it the old maid—or any one else—must actually touch the parrot and the parrot must actually have the disease. It is not contagious among human beings. Hence, though you may have carried a different impression away from the headlines, and though the mortality rate among suspected Pollys has probably been high for the past fortnight, there is no danger of a human epidemic.

►► Why Watch and Ward?

AMONG THE SIGNS that over-righteous Massachusetts may at last be loosening up are the recent resignations from the Watch and Ward Society. The resignation of Professor Julian L. Coolidge of Harvard, according to a statement by the Society, was "caused by pressure of other duties." That of Bishop William Lawrence has been withheld to correct the impression "that his resignation implies disapproval of and disagreement with the work of the society." Dr. David D. Scannell "resigned for personal reasons only." But have others, too, seemed more than half inclined to resign? Why bring that up?

Peculiarly—or perhaps not so peculiarly—the news of these resignations flew about not long after the trial of the Dunster House case. About three months ago, a Watch and Ward agent persuaded the manager of this Cambridge bookshop to procure and sell a book which he did not carry in stock and which was later held obscene by the courts. The Society doubtless expected to be denounced by counsel for the defense. But it hardly expected the presiding judge to declare that he "entertained no cordiality" for the agent's methods or the District Attorney to assert that next time such methods might entail prosecution "for criminal conspiracy."

In short, the Society over-reached itself. Evidently realizing the fact, it has authorized the employment of an attorney to investigate the case "for the purpose of making an impartial, fact-finding report." If this discloses that the methods used "were either illegal, improper, or unethical, the directors will take immediate and effective steps to correct them." Hired by the Society,

the investigator will, conceivably, exonerate it. Probably he would not dare to recommend, as he well might, that it take just such a back seat as similar organizations occupy in other cities, or, better still, shut up shop and leave law enforcement to duly constituted authorities.

►► Civilian Again

IT WAS MATHEMATICS, that fiend, that tripped and threw Alonzo Souleigh Par-



Wide World

THROWN BY MATH
Alonzo Souleigh Parham, Negro cadet,
flunked out of West Point

ham, young Negro of Chicago. It was mathematics with which he was wrestling in a post-graduate high school course when Oscar De Priest, Negro Representative from Illinois, appointed him to West Point last May. It was mathematics—algebra and geometry—that laughed in triumph when Alonzo, with sixty-three other cadets who had been flunked out for deficiency in one or more studies, left West Point behind him.

Alonzo had always wanted to be a soldier. In Chicago, where he had come

from the South six years before, he was a cadet major in the R. O. T. C., and, from all reports, a good one. Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, he has a soldierly carriage, though sometimes he does run a bit to individualistic civilian clothes. Alonzo's manners are quiet, his smile is infectious, and he seems uncommonly well endowed with tact and common sense. He has poise, dignity, and courage.

Reporters flocked about him, eager for hints of news-making race prejudice. "I got a fair and square deal," he told them. "I was given very good treatment. The officers were my friends—and cadets, too." No, he hadn't been hazed. Naturally, he liked some of his fellows and some he didn't like. Certainly he had been lonesome; but then some of the white boys had been so lonesome that they resigned. He was "not certain" that he would take the special examination for re-entry in March; he wouldn't explain why. Yet, "I can't say that I'm sorry to leave," he said. "I can't say I would be glad to go back."

One can't say that's strange. Whatever consideration may have been shown by officers and cadets, it couldn't have been comfortable to be the only Negro at West Point, to stand in plain view as the representative of one's race, or to symbolize De Priest's defiant gesture. That thought may console Alonzo as his failure is broadcast throughout the country while the sixty-three white lads who failed with him sink back unnoticed into their own home towns.

►► Mr. and Mrs.

(Scene One: The Coolidge living-room in Northampton, Mass. Mrs. Coolidge looks up from the evening paper.)

Mrs. C.—What's this I see about your writing a history of the United States for Gutzon Borglum's South Dakota mountain?

Mr. C.—Mount Rushmore.

Mrs. C.—I thought we were through writing for awhile. Why'd you say you'd do it?

Mr. C.—Show up well.

Mrs. C.—Um-m. (Reads) "The sides of the letters facing westward will be gilded, so that the setting sun falling upon them will give brilliance to the story of the United States." That Mr. Borglum always did have nice ideas. How much is he paying you?

Mr. C.—Nothing.

Mrs. C.—Nothing? Why, Calvin Coolidge! When Mr. Hearst gave you five dollars a word! Mr. Borglum gets you to write a history and he puts

up some statues to illustrate it with, and you write five hundred words for nothing?

Mr. C.—Might write less.

Mrs. C.—What do they want to carve up the mountain for if they can't pay for it? Plain mountains are nicer, anyway.

(Scene Two. The same. Six months later.)

Mrs. C.—Calvin, have you done your piece for that mountain?

Mr. C.—Not due for a month yet.

Mrs. C.—I know, but you better get at it. You know how it was with those magazine pieces, putting it off and then sitting up all night.

Mr. C.—This one's shorter.

Mrs. C.—I know, but it's about history. (Doubtfully) Calvin, do you know any history?

Mr. C.—Plenty for this.

Mrs. C. frowns. Suddenly a light breaks over her.

Mrs. C.—Calvin! You're not going to use those spiritual values again?

Mr. C.—Nothing the matter with spiritual values.

Mrs. C.—I knew it. I just knew it. Calvin, you simply can't put spiritual values on that mountain. It's got so every time you open your mouth a spiritual value jumps out. No, sir. This is history. You put on your hat and go to the library and get some histories and read up.

No answer.

Mrs. C.—Calvin! Do as I say. I can see that mountain now—"A country's chief asset is its spiritual values." Calvin, are you going?

Mr. C. (rising)—All right. All right.

(Scene Three. The Same. One month later.)

Mrs. C.—Here's a wire from the Mount Rushmore Memorial Association. They say your copy has to be in by tomorrow.

Mr. C.—Have to write it, then.

Mrs. C.—Those library books—did you read them?

Mr. C.—Nope. Took 'em back.

Mrs. C.—Took them back, without reading them?

Mr. C.—Overdue. No sense running up a bill.

Mrs. C.—Oh, dear. Well, start right in this minute. Remember, it's supposed to be a history beginning with the Declaration of Independence. History, now. (She goes out)

Mr. C.—(Takes up a pencil and reads aloud as he writes.) History shows that a country's chief asset is its spiritual values.

➤ Fashion Settles Down

WHO CAN REMEMBER the big Fashion Revolution of Fall, 1929? When skirts dropped downward and waistlines flew

upward; when corsets and femininity were seen preparing to annihilate the flapper and sentries on the hilltops decried the Gibson Girl advancing in the distance—frills, helplessness, wasp-waist, pompadour, and all?

Let's not wear them! cried Fannie Hurst, marshalling emancipated womanhood beneath her banner. Let's do; we look lovely in them, coaxed Jane Cowl, traitorously encamped on the other side. We won't wear them, said leagued Women Voters, passing a resolution. But we are wearing them, shrugged society matrons, lifting them out of harm's way as they stepped into town cars. And how! echoed the Younger Set, wrapping trains around elbows and breaking into a tap dance.

It was a great war. It elbowed the stock market, murder mysteries, and anagrams almost out of the conversation. Sober men of affairs fought it over the lunch table as furiously as sober matrons at bridge. Bored salesladies for once took an interest in their clients' conversations. Astute fashion experts eavesdropped recklessly, trying to find out where victory lay.

It was a great war, but apparently it

is over now. And the end is a compromise, with emancipated women, fashionable women, and flappers getting approximately what they wanted.

The Garment Retailers of America held their promenade of Spring fashions in New York recently. The evidence indicated that the long skirts advanced last Fall for daytime will be greatly modified; that in general sports and daytime costumes will be but four to six inches below the knee, formal afternoon dresses longer, and evening gowns as long as possible. *Vogue* has been even more definite, decreeing five different lengths of skirt, for sport, street, formal afternoon, dancing, and formal evening wear. And in the meantime, the flapper is promised pajamas, overalls, fishermen's suits, flannel trousers, and shorts in which to romp in the sun.

Thus the mode appears to have stabilized itself, not by radical change or reversion to the '90's, but by splitting five lengths for one. The American woman, it seems, will simply be persuaded to maintain a wardrobe several times as large as usual. And everybody's happy, particularly the manufacturers.



Courtesy Vogue

SKIRT SCALE

Vogue Magazine prescribes lengths to which fashion should go

►►Politics in Cleveland

SIX YEARS AGO a city manager was named in Cleveland to eliminate politics in government. Politics in government has now eliminated the city manager.

The ousted official, William E. Hopkins, needs no help from his brother Arthur, New York theatrical producer, to stage a good show. For six years his chubby face has beamed in the center of the spotlight and his frequent speech-making has won him the name "Chautauqua Bill." Financially independent, a successful realtor and industrialist, he became city manager with the consent of Maurice Maschke, of Harvard and the old school. Mr. Maschke, who is a lawyer, is also Republican boss of Cuyahoga County and National Committeeman from Ohio.

It seems that Hopkins, likewise a Republican, drew a compact with Maurice, as he is familiarly known, relating to the disbursement of jobs. The lovely friendship lasted until three years ago, when differences, apparently over jobs, withered it badly. Three times thereafter Maurice's henchmen sought to wreck the city manager plan, and thereby unseat Mr. Hopkins, by amendments to restore the mayor-ward council form of government. Three times they failed. The fourth time they succeeded.

In the municipal election of last September Maurice secured control of the City Council and, with the aid of two Democrats, Hopkins has been expelled. Generally speaking, the charge against him was that he played too much politics in a strictly business position. Hopkins, his Welsh blood stirred, immediately demanded opportunity to answer more specific written charges. No one knows better than he that the show is over, but he plans to ring down the curtain on a last act that would thrill Arthur in New York.

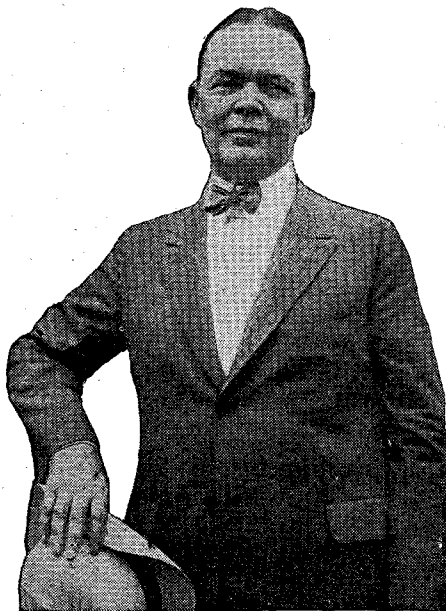
The merits and demerits of the city manager plan only indirectly enter the controversy. A Mayor may possibly succeed Hopkins, but it is more likely that the city manager plan, which on the whole seems to have worked well, will be continued. It merely happens that, because Cleveland is the largest city experimenting with this plan, a purely political fight has received national publicity.

►►Follow Through

Whatever became of
THE VALLS-CALLES CASE? When former-

President Calles of Mexico visited the United States last December, District Attorney Valls of Laredo, Texas, threatened to prosecute him for alleged complicity in a murder. Retaliating, the Mexican Government closed its Laredo consulate, crippling that town's trade and commerce. . . . Assured from Washington that Mexicans "will not be molested in the communities heretofore involved," Mexico has reopened the consulate. Mexico City officials have expressed much satisfaction at the outcome. Laredo citizens have expressed even more.

The Fred Palm case and the Etta



Keystone

OUSTED

W. R. Hopkins deposed as City Manager of Cleveland, Ohio

Miller case? As his fourth offense, Palm, first defendant convicted under Michigan's habitual criminal act, possessed a pint of gin, and on September 27, 1927, was sentenced to life imprisonment. As her fourth offense, Mrs. Miller, mother of ten children, sold two pints of moonshine. . . . Governor Green has commuted their sentences to seven to fifteen years' imprisonment. It was not, he says, the Legislature's intention "that persons whose fourth offenses were violations of the prohibition law should be punished by life imprisonment."

The Black Duck case? The Black Duck is the speed boat in which three rum-runners were shot and killed by the Coast Guard off Newport, R. I., on December 29th. The Treasury Department appointed an "independent" committee to investigate. In Providence,

R. I., the evidence was submitted to a specially convened Grand Jury. . . . The "independent" committee has reported that the Coast Guardsmen acted within the law. The Grand Jury's report concludes, "We accordingly report that we find no true bill."

The Taylor case? Otis Hefner, paroled convict, recently intimated that he knew a good deal of the murder of William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director, in Hollywood on February 1, 1922. . . . Having questioned Hefner, District Attorney Fitts announced that he knew nothing valuable. "It's a remarkable thing," says an investigator in the District Attorney's office, "how many persons in the United States have vital information concerning that murder. All they need is an opportunity to come to Los Angeles. . . . I might add, we're expected to pay the freight here and home again."

►►Between Rounds

FUNDAMENTALLY, the job Julian Harris set himself when in 1920 he took over the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* was to make Georgia safer for civilization. It would have been ambitious to launch his editorial program with unlimited financial backing in a larger city. It was, perhaps, Quixotic to launch it with limited backing in a mill-city of some 50,000 inhabitants. So, at any rate, it would seem. Last August the *Enquirer-Sun* fell into a receivership. Now Harris and his wife, Julia, sheathe their typewriters and retire.

But not, we hope, for long. The South needs them both. More than once they promised to become the little leaven leavening the whole Southern loaf. A financial failure, their experiment was an editorial success. If Georgia is a more civilized State to live in than it was a decade ago, let it thank the Harrises.

Julian Harris entered journalism on the Atlanta *Constitution*, later serving in executive capacities on the New York *Herald*, the New York *Telegram*, and the Paris *Herald*. Son of Joel Chandler Harris of Uncle Remus fame, he had also been editor of the *Uncle Remus Magazine*. When he returned to Georgia he brought his metropolitan viewpoint along with him, and made use of it at once. Six years later, the *Enquirer-Sun*, with its circulation of less than 7,000, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the "most disinterested and

meritorious public service" performed in 1925. The citation recalled the newspaper's "brave, energetic fight against the K. K. K., against the enactment of a law banning the teaching of evolution, against dishonest and incompetent public officials, and for justice to the Negro and against lynching."

The words neatly described the *Enquirer-Sun's* slant. For nine turbulent years Harris battled the Klan, battled Volsteadism, battled racial and religious prejudice, battled ignorance and bigotry. He fought his fights in no sympathetic metropolis, but in Columbus, Georgia, where these issues were hot and explosive. He risked his circulation, his advertising, his stake in the paper, but he won a reputation as wide as the country. Just now he is resting and regaining his wind, but it is safe to predict that he will soon be back for more. The sooner the better.

➤➤ Second Hague Conference

IMPATIENT OF DELAY, testy Chancellor Snowden proposed that squabbling delegations at The Hague be locked up without food or drink until they came to an agreement. Such drastic measures proved unnecessary. Even when Dr. Schacht, fiery president of the Reichbank, threatened to prevent the establishment of the World Bank, or Bank for International Settlements, answers were soon found to the major questions before the conference. When the German Government named two other financial houses to provide the Reichbank's share of the World Bank's capital, Dr. Schacht gave in. He had protested against recent changes in the Young plan only on moral grounds. Or so he said. Actually, however, his move is pretty generally assumed to indicate political ambitions.

Agreement on the steps to be taken in case Germany defaults solved one important problem. Citing the separate agreement with the United States, Germany argued against provision for any so-called sanctions whatever, but with Dr. Schacht's demonstration in mind the creditors demanded safeguards lest German Nationalists someday gain the upperhand. A compromise provides that the World Court shall determine whether Germany has defaulted wilfully. If it has, the creditors are free to take action under the Treaty of Versailles. Germany, however, is as unlikely to impair its credit by

wilfully ignoring its pledges as the Allies are to march into the Ruhr again.

With sanctions agreed on, arrangements were made for commercializing reparations, that is, for converting part



Remarkable Remarks

We cherish the memory of our dear associates who wrought gloriously and have passed on with unclouded records.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

If Christ were to appear on the earth today and attend a wedding feast in the Nation's Capitol . . . and again perform his miracle of transforming water into wine, some fanatical Prohibition demagogue . . . would no doubt appear before a Grand Jury two years later and demand that the Savior be indicted on no other evidence than a keen sense of smell and laboratory experience.—REPRESENTATIVE W. C. SCHAFER.

Prohibition in the United States continues its triumphant tread.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

Three years more—shall I say seven years more?—of the present order of things at the White House and the whole country will be dry, both in law and in fact.—REV. A. J. BARTON.

The days of political patronage and politics in this city are over, I think.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

The most important problem facing the world today is how to make a state in which the unambitious man can enjoy life. — WILLIAM BOLITHO.

I am tired of Senators and mergers and of what automotive experts say about the prospects of industry in 1930; I am tired of waiting for traffic lights to turn green and of reading about all the nice new snow discovered by Rear Admiral Byrd.—ROBERT LITTELL.

I think men ought to be buried in silk pajamas of soft colors.—GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

We are always in danger of being made again into slaves of fashion.—ELINOR GLYNN.



of Germany's obligations into debts to individuals rather than to governments. The first issue of bonds is to amount to \$300,000,000, with interest at five or six per cent. Of this, France is to take forty per cent, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States twenty per cent

each. One-third of the proceeds will be used by Germany for internal needs, with particular emphasis placed on the improvement of the state-owned railways.

At The Hague were members of the bankers' committee which framed the charter of the World Bank, through which reparations will be handled. When officers have been named, and further preliminary arrangements made, the Bank will be virtually ready to open.

Problems raised by the claims and counter-claims of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania on the one hand, and Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria on the other, have long been puzzling. Bitter discussions over them were frequent, but it would have been surprising if the conference had not been contentious throughout. Called to take reparations out of politics and into finance, it nevertheless marked pronounced progress in the liquidation of the War.

➤➤ In Brief

AT ANY RATE, the stalling Law Enforcement Commission may broaden our vocabularies with a new verb—Wicker-shamming. . . . "Business," says Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein, "has been mounting, increasingly, to planes of diversion, entertainment, spiritual enrichment." Especially to the plane of spiritual enrichment. . . . Galli-Curci describes opera as "very old-fashioned entertainment for 1930." Which may explain why the most modern American composer of popular music, George Gershwin, and the most modern American composer of serious music, George Antheil, are both hard at work on operas. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson report that to assemble movie audiences in the Solomon Islands it was necessary to pay them, so that, say what you will, these cannibals do have some sense of proportion. . . . In view of the repeatedly expressed willingness of Great Britain to agree to the abolition of the submarine, it might be as well to remember that there is precisely as much chance of removing the submarine from the seas as there is of removing the seas. . . . Prohibition, says Professor Ogburn of the University of Chicago, was three times as decisive as religion in the 1928 election. Really, though, there is no great need for comment. Someday the Professor will find it all out for himself.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OF ALL PRESIDENT Hoover's much-abused secretaries, French Strother, to our mind, is the most in need of sympathy, even though the other three are discovering along with "the Chief" that a "mental hairshirt" goes with their jobs. George Akerson's blonde head, we understand, has already been declared forfeit, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York having set dismissal as the price which the man from Minnesota must pay for having helped to humiliate him in the public prints some months ago. Mr. Fish, we are told, blames Mr. Akerson for inspiring the stories which satirized the M. C. as making a two-minute talk with the President the occasion for leaping into the headlines with a 3,000-word statement to the White House reporters. We predict, however, that Mr. Akerson will not be disturbed as much as Mr. Fish is or as much as Mr. Fish would like the secretary to be.

Larry Richey, according to our informants, is earning the enmity of those who work in or around the Executive Offices, including the clerical staff and newspaper correspondents, by a too conscientious discharge of his duties as the Administration's Sherlock Holmes. Walter Newton, political fixer and liaison man, has shown remarkable success at getting in bad with his former colleagues in the House and large and small fry politicians. In short, these are sad days for the secretariat to the superman.

Yet this trio's troubles, in our opinion, are temporary and trifling by comparison with those which beset the likable Mr. Strother, who, as the President's amanuensis and literary understudy, must assume responsibility for the style of Mr. Hoover's official and unofficial writings. The general public, of course, is not aware that it is Mr. Strother's task to assemble facts for and write the major portion of the President's speeches and messages and extracurriculum contributions, but it is known to the editors and writers with whom Mr. Strother associates and to whom he will return as a prodigal son some day. They, we imagine, will

judge him by Mr. Hoover's literary output, even though they allow for the revision a President may make in manuscripts submitted by such helpmates. In view of this, and the unexplainable shortcomings of the President's literary productions, we cannot but feel sorry for the former magazine editor and author. All the rest of his life, we fear, he will be called upon to explain certain freakish phraseology and constructions noticeable in Mr. Hoover's writings. This appeals to us being



Thomas in Detroit News

Still Walking the Floor with a Ten-Year-Old

rather unfair to Mr. Strother—and this is why we think that he, more than any one in the secretarial group which surrounds the Chief Executive, is the most to be pitied—because we understand that the President, whether from intellectual honesty or an inordinate conceit that animated all his recent predecessors, insists upon making submitted manuscripts his own by laborious rewriting and injection of the presidential touch.

These vagrant thoughts are prompted by Mr. Hoover's New Year letter to Dr. W. O. Thompson of Columbus, in which the Chief Executive publicly pitied himself and chided carping critics like Senator Borah for keeping the White House "wardrobe" generously supplied with "mental hairshirts." So far as we can discover, the reaction to this complaint, which struck Washington by surprise after the sturdy neglect Calvin Coolidge paid to critics, has

been rather unfavorable among commentators and some of Mr. Hoover's good friends. With our understanding of the President's character, we sense that he meant to be whimsically philosophic, but we are afraid the casual reader caught a querulous rather than a quaint note. We have heard the suggestion that the tone was quite unlike Mr. Hoover, but we happen to know that he has a whimsical and sentimental side. That quality, together with his extreme sensitiveness, convinces us that the President was sole sponsor and author. Moreover, we also happen to know that he has mentioned his mental "hairshirt" several times within the last few months in private conversations.

At the risk of being considered a haberdasher of criticism, we can detect additional evidence that Mr. Hoover did this job himself. It is no secret around the White House that the punctuation, grammar and construction of the President's statements, proclamations and other official pronouncements are not what they might be. It is also no secret that time and again correspondents have been roundly criticized by precise editors for what were supposed to be mistakes of transmission of important utterances when, in reality, the errors were the President's own, but (as is rather to be expected) the reporters did not dare to call them to Mr. Akerson's attention.

One explanation, we suppose, is that Mr. Hoover, as an engineer, is more concerned about subject matter than style. Another is that, like Coolidge, Harding and Wilson—but Harding most of all—Mr. Hoover cherishes the conceit that he has a gift for phrase-making. The real reason, we believe, is his stubborn conviction of his correctness. We hear that odd expressions and constructions erased or changed by his advisers are inserted and reinserted through half a dozen revisions—Mr. Hoover is strong on revisions—and that all the King's English experts can't keep them out. For ourselves, we rather like a President to care more for the substance than the shadow, even though we regret that this preference may pain Mr. Strother and puzzle the editors.

A. F. C.

What Makes a Criminal?

By JOSEPH LILLY

THE HUMAN race is proud these days. We eat our Christmas dinner listening to an orchestra playing in Berlin; we telephone to seasick friends in mid-Atlantic; we float round the world in the Graf Zeppelin; our scientists isolate the influenza germ; our statesmen negotiate a pact of peace. And yet there isn't among us one person, scientist or philosopher, who can tell a mother how to make her child behave.

Nor is it only the mother who gets herself into a stew over whether to spank or not to spank, whether to wear her nerves thin reasoning, or, as is more likely nowadays, whether to throw up her hands, go out and play bridge, and, leaving the child to its own resources, let nature take its course. Because long after her years of inescapable duty cease, the child goes on misbehaving in his own grown up way, a more sophisticated way, surely, but for that reason, all the more complex and baffling. The problems first put off by the old home remedies later become the enigmas of courts and prisons, of probation and parole, which, after all, are merely adult sorts of paddling, just as ineffectual and uncertain, and, often, much more lastingly harmful.

To be sure, we do talk with a certain archness, a certain surety about these things. We diagnose the naughtiness of a child, the unhappiness of a wife, the misery of a husband, as due to some complex or other, a neurosis, or phobia. We have been prattling of this for quite some time, kicking our heels over our smart understanding of life and its many curleycues. All the time, of course, what we have learned is merely a terminology—the superficial use of a group of scientific jargon with new implications. We haven't learned at all how to conduct ourselves, or how to control the behavior of others, in prison or out.

So sure were we of ourselves that it is almost become news that we don't know. Recently we have been reminded of our ignorance by a series of events, which has blasted the fragments of our misunderstanding to our very feet. This series of explosions was the six prison mutinies of 1929—the pathetically suicidal efforts of convicts

We talk glibly of complexes and neuroses, but no one, scientists included, knows the answer to the question at the head of this article. Until we do have an answer, "prison reform" is a phrase without much meaning. Mr. Lilly is a newspaper man who has been finding out how little society knows about this vastly important subject

to escape into a world of free movement. Since these outbursts jarred our smugness there have been many suggestions for preventing them in the future, ranging all the way from better food and shorter sentences to more rigid supervision and stouter walls.

Now that we have been compelled to think about it again we shall do something. Just what remains to be seen. But it will be done under pressure, for our government, like all social incorporations, is one of pressures. There always are a hundred important problems pushing for solution, and the ones we handle first are the ones being pushed the hardest. This is in the nature of things and of governments. But human misbehavior is a perennial problem, and before tackling it again, we ought to find out what we really know and postpone a "final solution."

We have been reaching conclusions about crime and criminals ever since Cain slew Abel. Of recent years we have only recovered from the bread-and-water penology of the nineteenth century. We treated convicts more leniently in prisons, took off their stripes and gave them prison orchestras, threw away the ball and chain and let in sunlight. We went about releasing them before the expiration of their stated terms. Then we found that some of them were committing new crimes and were coming smack back into prison. So we became angry and decided to lock them up for longer periods, to make releases less automatic, and even to imprison for life those who made felonies too much of a habit. And now we have found again that stuffing them into dungeons merely compels them to try to break out. So we are in for another sentimental era.

On the threshold of it we might look around. In the first place, how much crime is there? Is there more or less of it now than formerly, particularly in proportion to the growth in population? These are short questions, but you will

go a long way to get the answers. The truth is that no one, utterly no one, knows. A great many interested people, including President Hoover's National Crime Commission—which is interested in other matters than prohibition—would like to know. But even

it can't find out. There are no statistics. In the vast number of cities and states no basic records are kept. In cities and states where any attempt is made to do so the records are so stupidly designed and so inadequately compiled that they are of value only for wrapping parcels.

Last year President Hoover incautiously remarked that in the previous year there had been 8,000 homicides in this country. A queue of questioners stood outside the White House. Where did he get the figure? The source was traced, as far as it could be, and it was found to have been a generalization by some one as uninformed as the President. For a couple of years it has been widely published that the annual cost of crime to the country was \$13,000,000,000. This was widely quoted by experts who neglected to notice that even if records were available it would be rather difficult to assess the value of murders, assaults, sexual aberrations, etc. The preposterousness of the estimate was finally proven when it was disclosed that a press agent had invented the figure out of thin air.

Being stumped on the amount of crime, recent research workers have been trying to find out what produces the incalculable number of criminals we have. No one expected a simple answer to that, and no one was disappointed. There is no single cause. The many causes can not be grouped into units. The causes are many, variable and incommensurable. That is to say, there is no single reason why Al Capone is what he is, nor no single reason why the factors which produced him haven't produced hundreds of his duplicates. Dozens resemble him, pattern after him, but they are different, and so are their sources. By the same token there is no unified group of reasons why any specific young boy appearing today in any Children's Court is not some other boy.

The knowledge is negative, but there

is some first rate testimony on the point. The best of it comes from an inquirer who is not a chair-warming lecturer on psychology, nor a fund-collecting reformer. It is a summary of four and a half years of labor by Edwin J. Cooley, chief of the Probation Bureau of the Court of General Sessions, New York. Into Cooley's hands came 3,053 proven offenders. He had them examined microscopically. Sociologists studied their life histories, beginning with their grandparents and ending with the day the foreman of the jury said guilty. Their bodies were examined by pathologists and dentists. Psychiatrists and psychologists probed their minds. All the material was turned over to Cooley. In somewhat technical language he summarized it thus:

"Much of the data assembled did not lend itself to formulation of any general principles or conclusions which would reveal the causative factors of delinquency or the characteristics or environmental conditions of the delinquent.

"Conditions were so different and the degree of the causative factors varied so greatly that it was practically impossible to collate them into any intelligible summary. Moreover, a large percentage of the details and data would have no significance unless a similar study were made of a group of non-delinquents of about the same economic and social status."

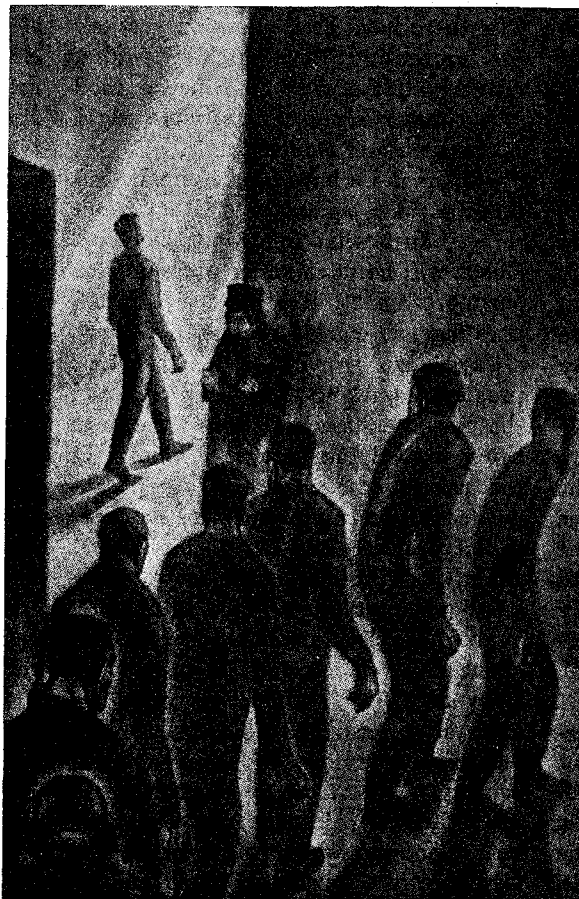
In the face of this confusion no one with knowledge of life outside of text-books and laboratories will hold as naïve the lament which Mr. Cooley appends:

"So intangible are the forces which motivate conduct, so complex and baffling the riddle of personality, that even with the knowledge science today affords there still is lacking the complete insight into human nature which will furnish a scientific basis for any program of betterment."

Mr. Cooley's jurisdiction did not extend beyond the courtroom, so he could not walk into the streets and make his tests on samples picked at random. But Dr. Herman M. Adler, the State Criminologist of Illinois, could, and did. He

now argues that the proportion of those of inferior intelligence in the criminal and delinquent groups is no larger than in the general population.

Of course, all the emphasis today is to turn from the convicted offenders and the general population. Psychologists and behaviorists alike are putting their time into understanding young children. So, more to the point is the last study made by William Lewis Butcher's Sub-Commission of the New York State Crime Commission, which, by the way, has done more work to locate the roots



The decorations on these pages are by Lynd Ward in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" (Vanguard Press)

of crime than it ever will get credit for.

Butcher and his colleagues, Miss Jane Hoey and Joseph A. McGinnies, Speaker of the Assembly, got the notion that a practical test of heredity and environment could best be made with a group of forty sets of brothers. One brother would be a good boy, as boys go, and the other a bad one—a "problem boy," as they say. Each brace of brothers was of about the same age, so that in the most exact way possible in this variable world, each brace would have had the same heredity and the same environment. No two individuals,

speaking exactly, could have the same heredity, or, however closely brought up, have identically the same environment. But they would be answerable to the same parents, live in the same house, have the same neighbors, the same school, largely the same teachers and religious contacts, and, to some extent, the same friends.

It is painful to say that this Sub-Commission came to the same conclusion that Mr. Cooley did. That is, that the facts didn't arrange themselves nicely in tables at the end. Thus, as for de-

termining what had made the bad boys bad and the good boys good, the test was rather inclusive. Of course, the inquiry developed a number of valuable collateral facts. For instance, they learned that the "problem boys," while mentally inferior, were fourteen per cent superior in mechanical knack—and not only over their brothers, but over all public-school children. The obvious conclusion was that the schools should cater to this knack, instead of making the boys restless in academic classes in which they could not possibly ever be happy or successful.

One result that should flow from this and other data collected by the Sub-Commission is that all the brains available should be put on to the problem of understanding children. Then, knowing the earmarks of tendencies likely to develop into criminality, the schools might be able to mend characters before they were irreparably broken. Unfortunately at the moment there is little apparatus for doing this, and almost no trained hands to operate what there is.

The desperateness of the matter is best illustrated by what Mr. Cooley is doing. (And it should be explained here that he is cited again and foremost because he is the only probation expert working with anything like adequate equipment and personnel.) Before he went into General Sessions the judges there were placing on probation between thirty and forty per cent of the men convicted before them. Cooley has reduced this to eighteen per cent. Now, it must be considered that he is idealistically inspired and that he has abundant faith in human nature, else he would not be following the career he selected. So the real significance lies in the fact

that out of all the human material presented to him to work with he allows eighty-two per cent to go to prison, because he considers that much of it too far gone to be helped merely by the curative methods at his command.

New York City supplies the bulk of residents to the five large prisons of the state, and General Sessions is the largest criminal court in the city. The sort of men and women who are received by the prisons to be reformed, to be made penitent, and to be "cured" can then be imagined. The prisoners examined by the Probation Bureau and found wanting in malleability are re-examined by the psychiatric bureau at Sing Sing. Psychiatrists, psychologists, pathologists, dentists, sociologists try again. There are instances in which these scientists do obtain an approximate understanding of what ails their patient, an understanding as satisfactory as the instruments of science allow.

But, having arrived at their understanding, they are unable to proceed much further. If you suffered severe pains in the abdomen and your physician diagnosed the ailment as appendicitis it hardly would be enough. To be sure it is much better for a physician to tell you today: "My good man, you are suffering from an incurable cancer; I can do nothing for you," than to be told by a chiropractor that your vertebrae merely need adjusting. We need the bitter truth to enable us to dispose of what lives we have left.

Now a case of misbehavior—which is what crime is—requires considerably more effort and knowledge and experience to diagnose correctly than a case of appendicitis. But once the diagnosis is made the ailment can not be cured by cutting out this or that, adjusting that or this, or dosing a man with pills. Psychiatry is a young science, if it may be called a science. It certainly is not an exact science, as pathology may be said to be. Being young, it has been and still is subject to the visitations of quacks, and to mistreatment both by its respectable practitioners, who earn a good living by it, and by its maligners, who also turn a pretty penny. As a branch of medicine its chief trouble, aside from its insufficiency of data and lack of is that it has no therapy. It is

as homeopathy would be if there were no pills and no powders.

Last summer I interviewed three of the most active psychiatrists in New York State, all three medically trained men, and hence, cognizant of the meaning of science and therapy. The three were Dr. Raymond F. C. Kieb, Commissioner of Correction, in charge of all the State prisons; Dr. Amos T. Baker, chief of the psychiatric bureau at Sing Sing; and Dr. Walter N. Thayer, then Superintendent of the Institution for Defective Delinquents. All three are penologists of note and Dr. Thayer is



extraordinarily progressive in his ideas.

My impudent mission was to find out how they went about curing any specific of bad-behaviorism among their patients. From none did I get a satisfactory reply. There is no satisfactory reply. They try to find out the cause of the trouble, and, locating that as best they can, try to adjust the patient in the limited choice of occupations, companions and routine within a prison. All three being subject to the New York Legislature—a body of men largely ignorant of what psychiatry means—they seemed to me to be reluctant to complain about their insufficiencies, and their handicaps, even though admitting them to exist. The introduction of the psychia-

tric viewpoint into the prisons has been a long stride and a victory for them. As the science develops positively it will, of course, be of increasing curative worth. But just now it is more humanitarian than scientific. Humanness was lacking in our prisons, and its unaided power to accomplish good is certain not to be dismissed. But it hardly can be made curative.

Dr. Baker was very open about it. His method, frankly, is that of the father confessor, of guide and philosopher. He will cite you instances, with professional relish, in which he has known psychiatrists to disagree on what seemed to him the simplest of cases. He will concede, too, that the adjustment of a man to the life in prison, where the discipline is rigid, where food, shelter and clothing, such as they are, come free of effort, where the convict has the minimum of personal responsibility, is not to be compared with the adjustment of the same man to life in the outer world. There the struggle to keep housed, fed and clothed is the first to be won. Dr. Baker knows, as he said, that a man he adjusts perfectly to prison life may go all to pieces in the world outside.

Dr. Kieb and Dr. Baker were asked to give me their definitions of "psychopathic personality." Not out of textbooks, but out of their understanding. Their definitions varied, of course; and not because either was stupid, but because psychiatry is so young as a science that there is no agreement among psychiatrists. The expert testimony they give in murder trials is proof enough of that.

And, basically, it isn't the professional practitioner who is deficient; it is our human understanding.

To treat any case of deranged personality a psychiatrist requires leeway that is beyond possibility in our present day prisons. The number of occupations is very small, and most of them are of the most deadly routine. Moreover, even the amount of work to be done is insufficient to keep the convicts occupied. The psychiatrists can not prescribe a change of atmosphere, scenery, long walks, new set of habits. The mere suggestion is tragically absurd.

Remembering that the average convict is some one that the examiners for
(Please Turn to Page 198)

The Ship's the Thing!

By T. R. YBARRA

AVIATION interests everybody nowadays. On the front pages of newspapers, airplane and airship vie with each other for the place of honor. We turn from headlines over tales describing daring feats by Lindbergh and his brothers of the heavier-than-air squadrons, to others summarizing the latest achievement of Eckener and his fellows of the lighter-than-air machines. Scarcely a week passes without a report of some new project for establishing communication by air between cities—and countries—ay, between continents! While Dornier speaks cryptically of airplane liners speeding thousands of miles, with hundreds of passengers, Lindbergh outlines aerial postal and passenger services with such convincing plausibility that they seem almost to exist already, and Dr. Eckener definitely announces that, within a few months, his Zeppelin will be transporting passengers, mail and freight between Europe and South America—with another service between Europe and North America in the offing.

Yet, glowing as are these prophecies, unquestionable as their fulfillment seems, the fact remains that they still deal largely with the future. Though the enthusiasts of the air talk sometimes as if they thought that steamships were already relegated to the past, those who read their enthusiastic outbursts must not forget that the men behind the steamship companies think nothing of the sort. The best way to become convinced of this is to pause for a bit in the midst of reading prognostications from airplane and airship fans and give attention to what the steamship magnates are doing. Already in possession of the field, they have been intent, of late, on showing that, despite the sensational progress of aviation, the steam-driven ship that goes plowing across the ocean remains, after some three-quarters of a century of triumphs, undisputed monarch of inter-continental transportation.

While America, with Lindbergh, Byrd et al., and Germany, with Eckener and Dornier, lead as developers of aviation, both these lands and several others to boot have entered the lists as champions of the continued supremacy of the steamship.

The latest is France. The other day

the news came from there that the company operating the principal passenger steamship line between New York and Havre was building a gigantic ocean liner which, when completed, would surpass in speed the *Bremen*, holder of the Atlantic blue ribbon, and, in size, the *Majestic* which disputes with the *Leviathan* the title of the world's biggest ship.

The new French liner, it is announced, will have a gross tonnage of 60,000, as against the 56,000-odd of the *Majestic* and *Leviathan*, and she is to surpass them also in length, breadth, draught and horse power. According to those who are building her, she will develop, when her engines are pushed to the limit, a maximum speed of thirty to thirty-one knots, which will be quite a bit more than the best showing of the *Bremen*. If French prophecies come true, this speed will enable her to travel between Havre and New York, with a short stop at Plymouth in England, in four and a half days—a record hitherto unattained by any transatlantic steamer.

THE GERMANS, for the present, are standing pat on the achievements of the *Bremen*—which gave Germany one of the grandest free advertisements in the history of transatlantic navigation. Soon, however, they will launch another ship, which—if prophecies concerning her are not exaggerated—will vie with the *Bremen* and, what is more, do so before the new French giant liner is off the ways. The ship upon which Germans pin these rosy hopes is the *Europa*. Had it not been for a fire she would have been on the water already, perhaps; as it is, she will be launched, if all goes well, some time next Spring.

Aside from the *Europa*, Germany is building no ships just now of a sort that might menace transatlantic records—and, incidentally, show aviators that there is a kick in the old steamship yet. In England, however, shipbuilders are bestirring themselves. Both the Cunard and White Star companies have announced that they will soon be in the field with new ships, both large and speedy, capable of cutting down existing records so considerably that

Eckener, with his Zeppelin, can scarcely do so very much better. And even if he does, chuckle British steamship builders—how many passengers can he carry in comparison with existing steamships, to say nothing of those under construction?

OVER HERE in America there are tales of new American ships, destined to plow the waters at high speed. The Italians, too, are busy; having already built splendid craft such as the *Augustus*, *Roma*, *Vulcania* and *Saturnia*, they are hinting darkly of still greater wonders to come. Even the Yugoslavs have entered the field! From Yugoslavia comes news of bigger and better steamers, to give travelers along the Adriatic eastern coasts improved schedules and enhanced comfort.

All of which only goes to show that, though aviation is the spoiled child of the present, and is doubtless destined to win ever more spectacular triumphs in the future, navigation, as we have hitherto known it, is anything but a thing of the past. The fuss made about the *Bremen* almost equaled that made about the Zeppelin, when she flew to America and, subsequently, around the world. And if the projected French ocean greyhound wrests the blue ribbon from the Germans such a commotion will doubtless be caused that Lindbergh and Eckener and the rest of the birdmen may well wonder whether they had not better look to their laurels.

After all, aviation, for all its sensational development, is still in its infancy; as regards competition, hard-boiled steamship magnates still look upon it with a skeptical eye. Among the clouds, danger still predominates too much; the sea, though fraught with peril, is very solid indeed when compared with the air. Altogether too many aerial pilots and passengers come down to earth with a dull thud.

In conversing with an interviewer the other day, Dr. Eckener remarked that he and others were engaged in putting aviation on a "solid foundation." All success to their efforts! But, no matter how successful they may be, whatever foundation they may eventually provide for aircraft will never be as satisfyingly solid as that which lies underneath steamers and trains.

Nobody Loves A Bear

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Pity the poor bears of the stock market! They are as unpopular as prohibition agents. Yet, says Mr. Scroggs, had there been more bears at hand to restrain the bulls, we might have escaped the recent financial panic

WHENEVER the stock market takes a dip, the financial writers who report the day's events are quite likely to say something about heavy "bear-selling" or a "bear raid." And whenever there is a break in the price of corn or cotton or wheat it is a safe bet that some member of Congress is going to make a speech or allow himself to be interviewed on the subject of the wickedness of the bear gamblers who are robbing the poor farmer. Wall Street and Main Street have at least one thing in common: they hate a bear.

There is no doubt that the bear rests under a cloud; and for this there is a reason. The great majority of traders in the speculative markets are customarily buyers for the rise. This is especially true of the amateur speculators. They buy to sell at a gain, and they are usually loath to sell when they have a good profit on paper, because they hope for still more. When prices are tumbling they are also reluctant to part with their holdings, because they instinctively shrink from taking a loss. Some commentators on the late panic in the stock market have attributed the crash to the frenzied selling of inexperienced traders. That is exactly what did not happen. These traders were not selling; they were being sold out by frenzied brokers when they could put up no more margin.

MOST PEOPLE who dabble in stocks naturally regard the bears as interlopers who spoil the fun and make money out of other people's misfortunes. The bull trader insists that he can make money without anybody's getting hurt by his operations, but that the bear makes money only when some one else takes a loss.

Probably as a concession to the widespread belief that the bear operation of short-selling is at the bottom of stock-market troubles, the New York Stock Exchange soon after the recent crash started a vigorous bear hunt, requiring its broker members to furnish it daily reports which would lead to the detection of selling on any considerable scale. No bears were bagged on this hunt, though it was kept up for a fortnight. Since then there has been agitation both in Congress and in the New

York Legislature for an investigation of the events of last autumn in the stock market and especially of professional short-selling.

It is true that the short-seller is sometimes a joy-killer, but it is hard to believe that he deserves all the vituperation which has been hurled at him for so many years. Not every break in the speculative markets is due to the devilry of those who sell what they do not own. Least of all were the bear operators responsible for the big break in stocks in October and November. It is to be noted in the first place that in the long run the short-seller can make money only by guessing right. He can win only by anticipating a drop in prices which would have come anyhow. If he guesses wrong the penalty is swift and drastic. He cannot force prices permanently below their economic level, but if they happen to be higher than economic conditions justify he can help bring about the necessary readjustment. Such an operation destroys no real values; indeed, it is a useful sort of work which serves to keep the market in a healthy condition.

Another thing to remember is that every short-seller is a potential buyer; he must eventually "cover" his sale with a purchase. The owners of stocks, therefore, should regard the "shorts" as a source of future support, for these are the only people who are under any obligation to buy stocks at whatever prices may prevail in coming days or weeks. The best protection to prices in any speculative market at a given time is the existence of a large short interest.

But, say the critics of the bear operators, the "short" sells what does not belong to him, and this is essentially immoral. With equal justice the same criticism can be lodged against the "long" who buys stocks on a margin. He does not come any nearer to being the actual holder of the stock than does the trader who sells short. Both put up a margin with their broker, and in each case a delivery of the stock bought

or sold is made through the agency of brokers. When the "short" sells he sells what is not actually in his possession, and when the "long" who has bought on margin sells he does the same thing. If the operation is immoral for the one it is equally so for the other.

THE WRITER has before him a letter written a few days after the November panic. It advocates the enactment of a law making short-selling a criminal offense punishable by fine and imprisonment, and it argues at length on the evil of selling what belongs to somebody else. This letter does not come from some remote hamlet in the South or Middle West; it is from an address in the very heart of the financial district of New York City, and it reflects the prevailing sentiment regarding the bears. Yet if short-selling were banned by law while marginal buying is permitted to go on unchecked, the risks of speculating in stocks would be multiplied many times over. The short-seller is needed to apply the brakes whenever speculative buying tends to get out of hand.

And now a word regarding the popular impression that the recent débâcle in the stock market was caused by short-selling on a gigantic scale. There was probably some short-selling when prices began to crumble, but the absence of heavy covering operations afterwards shows that it was relatively unimportant. Indeed, when the panic was at its height short-selling was hardly practicable. The tickers were hours behind the trading, and brokers were accepting orders to buy or sell only "at the market." Under such conditions a short-seller could not have the faintest idea of what sort of commitment he was making, nor could he know whether he was covering at a loss or at a profit. It was no market for bear operations on a large scale. The bears did not bring on the panic; it came because there were too many bulls. Had there been more bears at hand to restrain these unruly creatures it is probable that the panic would never have occurred. Nobody loves a bear, but that is no reason why he should be denied the square deal that is his due.

►► The Leisure Arts ◀◀

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

Three Novels

AFTER more than ten years of critical acclaim and popular success in France, Jean-Richard Bloch's *& Co.* is now made available to American readers in a fine translation by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff (Simon and Schuster, \$3). This is a novel which stands solidly in the nineteenth century French tradition. Critics have spoken of its resemblance to the work of Balzac, a comment so apt that the reviewer finds no better way of making its value, nobility and power immediately apparent to readers. As to subject matter, another comparison suggests itself. *& Co.* is the story of a Jewish family, and readers of Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within* will see in the group spiritual conflicts of the Simlers, kinship with the personal spiritual conflicts of Lewisohn's hero.

The Simlers were cloth weavers in Alsace and moved from there at the end of the Franco-Prussian war. They loved France, and business was not going to flourish in the German province. In France they built up a business so great that it became a tyrant which moulded every one of them to fit its pattern. They were immensely and justly proud of it, but they also hated and feared it. The Simlers loved France but they could not become Frenchmen. They loved life but they could not live except for commerce. When the industry which they had created collapsed, America offered opportunity.

Against its complete background of the rise and fall of a great industry and of social France after the war of 1870, the picture of a patriarchal Jewish family stands out boldly. The Jewish characters are rounded, palpable, living; the others, shadowy, but inevitable as shadows are inevitable in a brightly lighted room. Subtle irony, a sense of human drama, a cold but warmly expressed interest in the persistence of family traits, color and passion restrained by a sure grasp on fictional values; these qualities mark Bloch's

work. Above all it is notable for its classic style, its freedom from haphazard emotion and expression. Bloch's creative impulse is strong but it never gets beyond the control of his directing craftsmanship. While Jewish in its attitude toward man, life and fate, Bloch's work is strictly French in style. When one considers the intense romanticism of the fine Jewish novelists of

son who speaks familiarly and too often of friends whom the listener does not know, hard to follow. And the method pursued in the novel, alternating scenes of retrospect and current event, is always an awkward one. The story opens with Jean, the heroine, from whose angle it is told, waiting in London for news of her husband's trial for murder. An intelligent sensitive soul, son of a Lancashire family, macabre, Brontëan people, he has come home on leave from the front and finding his wife in conversation with a man who has been dear to them both, a pacifist agitator, murders the man without waiting for any explanation. Jean, deeply in love with her husband and wise beyond her fellows, turns her mind into the past to reconstruct the psychological process whereby he became a murderer and recreates scenes from courtship, family life, mill-town days and the early months of the war. At the same time, the events of the trial, the plea of "honor and patriotism" put forward by the lawyer for the defense, the attitude of press and public are set out. The book ends on the husband's acquittal, on entirely false grounds, the first painful and possibly vain step toward readjustment, and the husband's new departure for the front which he so deeply dreads. The story is absorbing and harrowing. But with a psychological problem so involved, a simpler method of

presentation would have been more effective.

In *Australia Felix* (Norton \$2.50) Henry Handel Richardson tells the first part of the long story which ended in *Ultima Thule*, the story of the early years of Richard and Mary Mahony, those two who stand among the few memorable characters of contemporary fiction. *Australia Felix* is not, like *Ultima Thule*, a tragedy of folly, defeat and disillusion, relieved only by its glowing humanity, but the germ of that tragedy is in it. Richard Mahony, that "wayward, vagrant spirit" already in his young prime disgusted with gold



An illustration by Dorothy P. Lathrop from "The Long Bright Land" by Edith Howes (Little, Brown)

England and America, his classicism is interesting and striking. It speaks powerfully for the persistence of the classic tradition in French fiction.

Readers who can get through the heavy going of the first chapters of *Three Against Fate*, by Mary Hamilton (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) will be rewarded by a striking picture of wartime England. The authoress presents setting and mass-psychology with great effect. She is less successful in her drawing of all but the major characters of her complicated and tragic story. The first chapters of *Three Against Fate* are, like the conversation of a per-

digging and shop-keeping, sickening of his profession and his exile, sensitive, proud, sceptical, emotionally unstable, is a man pointed for deep despair; as Mary, tender, innocent and wise, is a woman pointed for exalted fortitude. In a way, foreknowledge of its inescapable end adds too much to the poignancy of these early pages of the Mahonys' story. One wants to warn these people who have become so real, to help them fend off Fate. One forgets poetic justice and the lovely ends of literary art and wishes that Mary might fold her hands in ample peace, that "this hole of a place" need not get Richard's old bones in the end. But this is to become sentimental over the work of a writer whose compassion is wholly free from sentimentality.

The story of *Australia Felix* is too thoroughly the story of the conflict of character with circumstance to be retold in the terms of plot. There is in it all the romantic turbulence of the colonial frontier, all its enormous effort and puny result, all its hardships and sensual escapes; the rapacity and brutality of its men, the vulgarity and suffering of its women, the hard misery of its children.

Henry Handel Richardson's work is not dated, not typical of twentieth century fiction. The art of its composition is so pure that it is imperceptible. In these days when readers are so generally interested in the mechanics of the writer's craft such work refreshes one's knowledge that the delineation of man's inner nature is not a question of new methods in psychology, the portrayal of his struggle against fate not a matter of changing fashions in prose.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

Joy Is My Name, by Sarah Salt (Payson & Clarke, \$2.50), is a sombre, ironical short story expanded to novel length and, for all its technical excellence, scarcely worth the expanding. Joy's story is short. She would be an actress but without talent. She would be a lover but without strength. She was proud of her part in the touring repertory company, although the actress-manager was a worn out, querulous hag and the ingenue was jealous. The leading man gave her a pair of shoes and she adored him. But the gift was somehow compromising, and she failed in her try-out for Ophelia. Back at home, her mother

was all too ready to think evil. There were no jobs to be had at any of the theatrical agencies. The tired business man whose wife did not understand him was bewildering and so was the young doctor who came to her door at the sanitarium where she played croquet with lunatics. So she went to the leading man and found that he would accept her devotion provided it cost him nothing. Vulgar and empty-headed and good, this pathetic Joy wanders aimlessly down a wayward path toward an end not hard to foresee. Sarah Salt's dispassionate observation, her realistic dialogue and her crisp, controlled style make her books good reading.

The author E. S. Grant Watson of *A Prophet and His God*, (Liveright, \$3) is a disciple of William Blake and sees in the story of Moses a symbol of the "development of the ego-consciousness from the early clairvoyant consciousness of the Egyptians"—the first to give men a sense of their own individuality. The author admits the scantiness of source material on the life of Moses and frankly conceives his story as an allegory. The chronicle of Moses's

life in Egypt, his good standing with the Pharaohs, the bondage of the Jews, their deliverance and their wanderings in the wilderness until they enter the promised land, is familiar to all of us. It is the interpretation of Moses's personality that is of especial interest.

As a young man he is impetuous and quick to resent injustice. He kills a cruel task-master for beating a slave, thereby jeopardizing his own life. He flies to Midian and becomes a meditative shepherd. The vision comes to him that he must return and deliver his people from bondage.

He is not dismayed by the hugeness of the task. The Pharaohs seem invincible with their splendid, despotic civilization. Their pyramids weigh like immovable monoliths on any hopes of the Jews for deliverance. The miracles occur, though they are not recounted with the impressiveness of most of the narrative.

The flight of the Jews into the wilderness is a beautiful piece of narrative poetry. Moses visibly ages before our eyes. He becomes more austere and aloof from his people. He delivers

A Book

"Brimming with Human Interest"

FOR THE DEFENCE

The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall

By EDWARD MARJORIBANKS

A VAST mine of criminal literature. The reviewer, to whatever pitch of interest he may have been aroused, and to what unflagging attention he may have been held, cannot in any wise reproduce the book... Brimming with what is commonly called 'human interest'.—*New York Times*

The Honorable John W. Davis writes: "I have been reading with great interest The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall by Mr. Edward Marjoribanks. It is an extremely interesting biography written in a highly readable style."



The famous "Brides in the Bath" trial of G. J. Smith is related here in detail.

Fifth Printing

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what seem to us incredibly harsh judgments until we recall that his sternness had to precede the gentleness of the last great Jewish prophet.

"From the plain before Sinai, the people in a long drawn line made their way over precipitous passes, down steep declines, and up, over the bare, rounded breasts of rust-colored mountains. Up, over and down into the troughs of the waves of that black sea, they slowly seemed to crawl. The moving line was sometimes lost behind the cone-shaped contours of the hills, and appeared again as a broken band against the pale roseate rocks." It is not often that one comes across such prose as that.

The author has a brilliant account of Moses's devising of the empty ark to convey to the idolatrous Jews that God is as a breath of air. Then ensues a struggle in his mind as to whether to place the tablets of the covenant inside the ark or leave it forever empty but when he sees the people hungering after something concrete to worship he weakens and decides to include the tablets of the covenant within the ark.

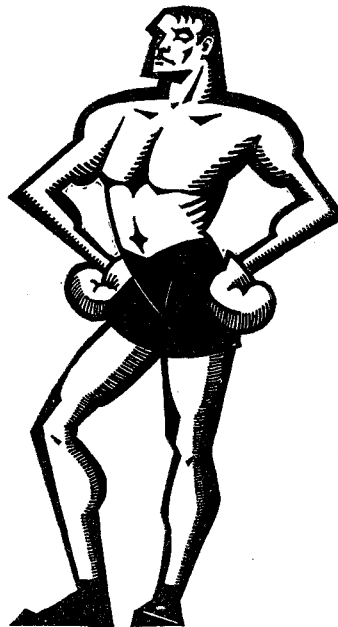
One feels that Mr. Watson is trying to record in this biography of Moses not only the evolution of a race but the history of every striving individual. Struggling, weak and impotent in childhood, pleasure-loving and susceptible to every wayward charm in early manhood, ascetic and embittered in middle-age, resigned and understanding in old age.

The prose is semi-biblical with occasional lapses. The time-sequence is intentionally vague and confusing so that the reader is prepared for the semi-mystical background. The book does not always read easily but for all its apparent obscurity leaves one with a freshened sense of individuality.

Spider Web by Marjorie Muir Worthington (Cape & Smith) is the story of several of the Jewish families that clustered about Mount Morris Park in the Harlem of the nineties. The patricians among the Jews lived there then and among them the "widowed Hedwig Mendelsohn." A fat, powerful, mountainous parvenu, she dominates successively the lives of her daughter and her son-in-law whom she drains like a leech. She compels him to abandon his intention of becoming a doctor and reduces him to a docile salesman. The suffering son-in-law is continually hounded by the avaricious Hedwig to go out and get larger and larger orders

so that she may have a limousine and a West End apartment. The situation is redeemed by a daughter who idealistically marries a penurious doctor. The story has a good deal of local color but somehow one feels the pulp gone out of the last half. The author seems to have been infected by the dryness of her subject.

The Hidden City by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran \$2.50) is another of Sir Philip's reports in fictional form on social conditions. It recounts the experiences of John Jevons, M. D., London general practitioner, interested



From the jacket of "Iron Man" by W. R. Burnett (Dial Press)

in post-war neuroses and medicine for the sick at heart. Before his tender, twinkling, all-understanding eyes the gates of the hidden cities of the soul are opened. He sees many curious cases, each one in some way typical of the post-war period, analyzes them in simple phrases, and prescribes for most: some are past cure. There is the idealist novelist whose hard, childless wife leaves him for a richer man, the lovely daughter of the cinema king whose parents, in the ugly throes of second blooming have disgusted her with marriage, the little shop girl who loves pretty things and thinks she can take care of herself, the boy with the mother complex who is a failure at twenty-two and whom movie acting cures, the lounge lizard, peddling dope to erotic matrons, the Russian refugee, prating of lost magnificence. And there are dozens of others, more briefly sketched. The most touching case is that of the doctor's

sister, spokeswoman for the generation of girls whose lovers were killed in Flanders. A simple, mechanical plot involving many of the doctor's patients holds the book together, and the doctor and his sister, although they are wooden puppets like the rest, command sympathetic interest. As a collection of case-histories, *The Hidden City* should be absorbing enough to those who enjoy popular psycho-analysis and popularized social problems. It is pretty dull stuff as a novel.

The Crystal Icicle, by Katherine Keith (Harcourt, \$2.50), is about marriage and the world's great necessity, the "other woman," a cool tenacious wife and a rather human husband who kissed and told. But after all this icicle becomes only a puddle of water to be swept out of mind.

Behind the Blurbs

Houghton Mifflin has brought out a limited, large paper edition of the six Barsestshire novels of Trollope, with which is included as the first vol. the Autobiography. Each vol. will have a hand colored frontispiece, and with each set will go either an autograph of Trollope or a piece of one of his manuscripts. *** The Grabhorn Press will print for Random House in the fall a limited ed. of Symonds's translation of Cellini's Autobiography, with illustrations by Valenti Angelo. For the same house the Nonesuch Press is preparing a new translation of Saint Simon, which will include only what that famous diarist himself saw and heard, thus reducing the 3,500,000 words of the original to some 750,000. *** Raymond Escholier's *Victor Hugo*¹ is a biography well worth reading, not only for an understanding of one of the greatest men of his time, but for the many new and interesting facts which the author, who is curator of the Victor Hugo Museum, has brought to light. The style is a little too staccato, cinematographic, to please us, but the book has authority, and some charm. *** *The Prince's Darling*² is the tragic story of Madelon de Neischütz who, forced by the disgraceful intrigues of her family to become the mistress of Johann Georg IV, Electoral Prince of Saxony, gives up the man she loves, and then sacrifices the power she has gained by trying to win him back. It is a romantic story in the baroque style, with the luxurious court

1. Payson & Clarke, \$5.00.

2. By George Freedy: Dodd Mead, \$2.50.

life of late 17th Century Dresden as a background. Mr. Preedy paints a large canvas, abundant with detail, and though politics and political intrigue are handled with a historian's care, the story itself has always the center of interest. We liked it better than this author's previous book, *General Crack*. ❄❄❄ All you need to know about skiing appears to be included in Elon Jessup's *Skis and Skiing*³, which we have just looked into. Careful instructions are given about buying your outfit, as well as for using it after you have it. If we'd had a copy of this book a few years ago we wouldn't, on our first descent of a small hill, have shot like an arrow into the air and come to earth we knew not where—nor did we care, after they dug us out, for a while. We'd have done a graceful telemarck, like Mr. Jessup tells us to, and come to rest in a stemming position. ❄❄❄ It took John Hamilton 218 pages of *What Happened at Andals*⁴ to reach Andals (Norway), and quite a few more to find out what did happen there, but you don't mind because lots of things occurred on the way—some amusing and some exciting—and there's a harum scarum crown prince and a ruthless prime minister and a fat detective and a slim heroine and a reporter and a lot of other people, all very free with their firearms. The denouement would be disappointing if you cared much what it was, but you don't because the action is swift and breezy. ❄❄❄ "Conrad Manx will die of meningitis," said the anonymous note in *Murder on the Palisades*⁵, and darned if he didn't! And then came another note, predicting the decease of another Manx, so Hale, the reporter, persuaded that little wizard, Prof. Brierly, to put nose to trail, and after that the murderer was as good as caught. If you're doing any murdering this season, here are a couple of good tips. Each murder is quite plausible, but the story as a whole is incredible. ❄❄❄ Anothera Montmorency, no less, in the frequently farcical *Villa Jane*⁶, is companion to Miss Figgis, whose niece Clara has just married. Clara's husband turns out to be a Bluebeard, and Anothera goes to Villa Jane, which he occupies under an assumed name to get the goods on him. Which she does after scaring us half to death several times. Good and creepy. ❄❄❄ Not convincingly mysterious, but a good detective story nevertheless, is *Murder*

*in the Rain*⁷, which discovers who killed Barry Maldon. The Asst. D. A. tells the story, and practically all the action takes place in his office, so we don't have to follow the detectives about as they watch and measure and fingerprint. The dialogue is excellent, and very convincing is the inside view of the working of the Police Dept. ❄❄❄ In *The Room With the Iron Shutters*⁸ a man was murdered. Inspector Verrey and our old

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILLOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta. BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon.

Fiction

All Our Yesterdays by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. One of the most profound of war books, and a noble piece of English prose. Reviewed January 8.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in pre-ent-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katherine Brush: Farrar and Rinehard. A tale of the marriage of a New York newspaper play-boy, deft, humorous and touching. Reviewed January 8.

Iron Man by W. R. Burnett: Dial Press. A rough and tough story of the prize ring written in poster technique. Reviewed January 8.

A Farewell to Arms by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. A powerful story of war and afterwards, and an event in American letters. Reviewed October 16.

Non-Fiction

Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the American business man. Reviewed January 1.

The Art of Thinking by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art. Reviewed May 22.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed Dec. 25.

Richelieu by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant historical essay, with an interesting comparison of Bismarck to Richelieu. Reviewed November 20.

The Tragic Era by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the reconstruction period. Reviewed September 11.

friend Dr. Hailey disagree as to identity of guilty party, and we follow progress of rival theories, to the unmasking of a most unusual murder. ❄❄❄ *The W Plan*⁹ concerns adventures of Col. Grant, who is dropped by airplane behind German lines in uniform of German officer, and has quite a lot of excitement busting up elaborate German plan of attack which, if put through, will defeat Allies. A swell war-adventure story. ❄❄❄ Writes Dr. Karl Menninger: "The adjuration to be 'nor-

mal' seems shockingly repellent to me; I see neither hope nor comfort in sinking to that low level. I think it is ignorance to regard abnormality only with horror and to remain undismayed at the proximity of 'normal' to average or mediocre. I presume most of the people in *Who's Who* would resent being called normal. I wanted to write down my ideas about this curious human mind, the mind as a collection of enormously complex possibilities for variation which determine the personality of a person and differentiate the human being from the Robot." And so he wrote *The Human Mind* (Knopf), chosen by the Lit. Guild for Feb. We look forward to reading this book, since we agree most heartily with the author's views on abnormality. Normal citizens make government easy, no doubt; they make good factory hands; but what color or interest or fun is there in a world of normal people—people without eccentricities or phobias or kinks or crochets? What becomes of gossip in such a world; what is there to talk about? It's their inhibitions and variations from the normal that make people interesting. And we all want to be interesting. Our nightly prayer is: "Lord, keep me from being normal." (Please note that we don't use the editorial "we" in our prayers.) ❄❄❄ *Grey Dawn—Red Night*¹⁰ is a war novel, the story of John Harcastle's life from early childhood until it was cut short by a German shell. Well written, realistic, with a mass of detail well chosen and well arranged—it is to us, nevertheless, just another war book. Perhaps we're not very enthusiastic about it because the pattern has become so familiar. For it is worth reading. ❄❄❄ Written by a former professor of astronomy at Harvard as a series of letters to his young nephew, *The Earth for Sam*¹¹ is an interestingly written and exceptionally well illustrated story of the earth, from the beginnings of life to the dawn of history. So many of these simplifications of science for children talk down to their young readers that it is a pleasure to find one which doesn't. Mr. Reed writes a straightforward story which like all good children's books will be read with pleasure by adults.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. Dutton, \$3.00.
4. By John Arnold: Dutton, \$2.00.
5. By Will Levinrew: McBride, \$2.00.
6. By Janet Laing: Century, \$2.00.
7. By Wilson Collison: McBride, \$2.00.
8. By Anthony Wynne: Lippincott \$2.00.
9. By Graham Seton: Cosmopolitan \$2.00.
10. By James Lansdale Hodson: Doubleday Doran \$2.50.
11. By W. Maxwell Reed: Harcourt Brace, \$3.50.

American Self-Appraisal

As Seen in Recent Books

WE SEEM to be outgrowing the "Don't Knock, Boost" stage of national adolescence. We are acquiring sufficient self-confidence to examine ourselves without feeling compelled to praise or blame what we see. In no particular is this more apparent than in our changed attitude towards England. The tradition of British tyranny no longer dominates our national thought. We are beginning to feel that we can face England as an equal, without subservience and without truculence.

For example, on the very eve of the London Naval Conference Nicholas Roosevelt's *America and England?* (Cape & Smith) presents, without heat or reticence, an excellent picture of the two naval and political protagonists of the post-war world. We are competing with the British in almost every sphere and the Shearers of the world deduce therefrom an "irrepressible conflict." Mr. Roosevelt shows that this is neither true nor necessary. In many lines, both financial and political, the British organization of power is infinitely superior to our own. On the other hand, he also shows that the bases of our industrial and commercial strength can not be undermined by any amount of diplomacy. There is nothing very new or startling in *America and England?*, except the revelation that the Washington Naval Conference was actually inaugurated as a result of British, and not American, initiative; but it is sane, balanced, fair and the most compact picture of the relations of the two countries which is to-day available to the general reader.

Mr. Roosevelt's dispassionate respect for facts is in line with the new interpretation of American history. Claude H. Van Tyne's *The War of Independence: American Phase* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) is a continuation of the admirable job of debunking the Revolution. The British were not tyrants, nor were the Americans heroes in those days. There was a strong pro-enemy party in each country, and both sides did things for which posterity must blush. To reveal these things in their proper perspective is not to undo the American Revolution; that is an historic fact which now is strong enough to stand

by itself. Professor Van Tyne's work is worth reading, both as a corrective to loose historical impressions and as an example of the fact that we are becoming big enough not to insist that we have always been right on every point in our national life.

A similar process is under way in American economics. Stuart Chase's work in debunking prosperity has long been welcome and important. His recent *Prosperity, Fact or Myth* (Charles Boni), is a rapid-fire barrage of economic invective which leaves little standing. We eat more varied food and more of it: that is the chief deduction he makes. The result is longer life and lowered child mortality. The cause, however, is simple: "Because agriculture has enjoyed no prosperity, we city folks have obtained our food in the last eight years at a price below the cost of production." To those whose doubts of prosperity were awakened by the "bear market," as well as to the farmers and the unemployed, Mr. Chase offers scant comfort. His criticism is destructive in the sense that he points out an evil without producing a remedy; but then the fact is that the only theoretical remedy is Communism and the only practical remedy is going to be administered in terms of capitalism.

Self-appraisal is even invading the citadel of American conservatism: our government. It is true that David Lawrence can still grind out such a worthy piece of dullness as *The Other Side of Government* (Scribner's), with its painstaking description of the actual legislative and administrative processes at Washington. But there is also James M. Cain's *Our Government* (Knopf). Mr. Cain takes us into the Court Room, the Executive Mansion, the Poor House, the Jail, the Jury Room, the State Legislature and reports what happens. *Our Government* is the truest picture of American politics which has appeared since Frank Kent wrote his scathing analysis last year. It contains just that touch of the Aristophanes which is necessary to act as a preservative and make it as readable and comprehensible five centuries hence as now. The world cries for a book which will perform a similar office for foreign relations, something which can reduce Mr.

Roosevelt's thesis on Anglo-American relations to the "Say, Ed—" basis. As a starter, we suggest something on this order.

Scene: The Department of State.

GEORGE: Say, Ed., here's a telegram from the Emperor of Patagonia sending New Year's greeting to the White House.

ED: Yeah? What about it?

GEORGE: Pete says I've got to answer it, what do I say?

ED: Say "Happy New Year," you sap.

GEORGE: But we've got a new aviation treaty pending with Patagonia and we've just about smashed their jelly exports with our new tariff. See here, he says, "in the firm confidence that mutual prosperity may be the lot of our respective nations during the year that is to come."

ED: Oh, he said "confidence," did he? Not "hope"?

GEORGE: No, he said "confidence."

ED: I don't like that. Sounds as though they were about to boost the rates on automobiles.

GEORGE: I tell you what. I'll say something in the answer about aviation and then pass it on the Protocol. (writes)

GEORGE: Got it. (reads) "His Majesty the Emperor of Patagonia and so on—I was happy to receive your kind message of New Year wishes which I cordially reciprocate. It is the ardent hope of the American people that the New Year will see drawn ever closer the ties that unite the United States and Patagonia in a firm resolve to promote their mutual relationship in trade and friendship, by land and sea and air, in the spirit of cordial and reciprocal esteem."

ED: I wouldn't say "ardent." It sounds as though we were getting worried about that air mail contract.

GEORGE: Well, we are, but I guess you're right. How about "warm hope" instead of "ardent hope."

ED: That's fine. Give it to me and I'll shoot it along to Protocol to see if it's all right. You steered clear of the tariff, so I guess it will pass.

GEORGE: By the way Ed, did Pete tell you the story about the girl who went for a walk with a hunchback? . . .

JOHN CARTER.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Plays of The Week

Red Rust by Kirchon and Ouspensky, translated by V. and F. Vernon at the Martin Beck, West 45th St. A Theatre Guild Production.
Strike Up the Band: book by Ryskind, libretto by George S. Kaufman, music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin. With Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring and others.

TO MOST OF US the French Revolution, though well over a century distant, is better understood than is the cataclysm that swept Russia a few brief years ago.

Particularly is this true where the emotions and ideas which underlay the events are concerned. Brutality, tyranny, bloodshed; these are the trappings of revolution since the world began. But what of the communistic ideal, the "mass" mind, free love unions, the destruction of marriage?

Anglo Saxon imagination has boggled in trying to picture to itself the young men and women of such a Russia. The American mind, in particular, has found it difficult to identify the subtle alterations in ideals and emotional beliefs which must have taken place in order to produce such a genuine change in the direction of human conduct.

Wherefore, the value of the Theatre Guild Studio's production of the Russian play *Red Rust*, late of the Trades Union Theatre in Moscow, and still later of London, Paris and Berlin. No one can see it and not catch an understanding, in terms of human beings and their relationships, of the real struggle which has been going on beneath the political surface.

For here is the personification, in the shape of one Terek-hine, once Communist leader at the Front, now student in Moscow, of precisely that brutalization of the ideals of the Soviets which has repelled the outside world. No political play, this. But a picture of the sensualist and the brute using for his own ends the ideals of freedom, spiritual truth and honesty, the independence of

the soul and the search for truth.

It is a play for moralists in the realm of politics to see. In Heaven, we are told, there shall be no giving or taking in marriage. Presumably the spirit shall have arrived at the perfection of love. But, lo, the Soviet brings to imperfect Russia the opportunity to enjoy such perfection. And under the looming, redly lit tomb of Lenin before the Kremlin, a beastly peasant from the provinces brings lust and selfishness, brutality and power, and produces hell; all the more effectively because he is a loyal worker for "The Party" and from the day of the Terror has been a follower of the new régime.

It is more than the spirit of man, in his fellow students, can endure. Suicide and murder are the final fruits, as the age old beliefs of men and women in the eternal truths of sex relationships overleap all scorn of "bourgeois" ideals.

Not a new story, you may remark. And told in the accepted Russian manner of stark realism, accentuated by most modern stage settings and theatrical appeals to the imagination. Tchekov, brought up to date by O'Neill and Cleon Throckmorton.

But the emotional undercurrent of modern Russia remains—the clash of seekers after truth, the pull of hatreds old and new, the fierce enthusiasm for the mass, the frailties and imperfections of the human beings who make up this vast experiment, the flaming devotion to the symbolic red flag.

It is in no sense a great play. Nor

is it magnificently acted. But there is put before you, to catch dimly, the perception of two playwrights able to draw for you the spiritual figures that stumble behind the veil of human actions. More, there is in its presentation something of the vigorous youth of the early productions of the parent Guild. It contains, we think, the roughest language on any stage.

People, therefore, who don't like this sort of thing should stay away. Others who see it and reflect that the Soviets allowed it to be presented in Moscow will by that much have increased their understanding of modern Russia.

AS AN antidote for things Russian we have hitherto been unable to think of anything better than Clark and McCullough in a new musical comedy by the Gershwin *freres* based on a libretto by George Kaufman. But after seeing *Strike Up the Band* we are not so enthusiastic.

For our favorite has thrown us down. Of all things, to have Gershwin's music turn noisy, unoriginal and even reminiscent!

But that's the truth. And it is a genuine pity. For here is one of the most excellent books and sets of lyrics since Gilbert and Sullivan's day. As a specimen listen to "A Self Made American" and the first act finale recitative and song "Milk." And then consider in retrospect the dream of the chocolate manufacturer who brings on war with Switzerland because of his

insistence on a high tariff and is then accused of defrauding the public by using Grade B milk in his product.

We say "retrospect" because Bobby Clark is in this show and few people in search of gayety want to miss his endlessly genial, usually vulgar humor. Oh yes—he still smokes that cigar and uses his cane to retrieve it.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide of Current Shows

- ***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
- Sweet Adeline:** The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
- ***Journey's End:** The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
- ***Street Scene:** Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
- It's A Wise Child:** Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
- ***Berkeley Square:** Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
- June Moon:** Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
- ***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
- ***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahoe & alluring Lily Damita.
- The First Mrs. Fraser:** An uneven English comedy of manners.
- Wake Up and Dream:** A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
- Heads Up:** A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
- ***Michael and Mary:** A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
- Waterloo Bridge:** Well acted but unconvincing story of a soldier boy and a scarlet woman.
- Children of Darkness:** Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
- Death Takes a Holiday:** A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
- Criminal Code:** A logical tract on the evils of our penal system—interestingly staged.
- Bird in Hand:** Whimsical farce by John Drinkwater—excellently done.
- Salt Water:** Frank Craven in comic agony as usual.
- Little Show:** An effortless, entertaining revue with moments of genuine satire.
- Meteor:** A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
- ***Bitter Sweet:** Mediocrity all dressed up and no where to go.
- Sketch Book:** Earl Carroll lives up to his reputation as a revue producer.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

In the Magazine World

Gleanings from Current Periodicals

▶▶ THE PRESENT AWAKENING of the South to labor consciousness, the dramatic clash between the conservative social structure and the radical spirit of industrial democracy, comes just when important branches of industry other than textiles, such as wood pulp and aluminum, are turning to this last great region of abundant raw material, cheap power, convenient transportation, and until to-day, cheap and unorganized labor. "Southern Mill People" by E. T. H. Shafer (*Yale Review*).

▶▶ IF YOU FURTHER ask him [a chemist] to analyze the contents of the \$2 can of Ora-Noid, the synthetic saliva . . . he will tell you that it consists of a mixture of table salt, baking soda, chalk, magnesia, borax, and starch, which costs the manufacturer about ten cents. "The Dentifrice Racket" by Catherine Hackett (*New Republic*).

▶▶ FROM THE STANDPOINT of national defense, the Philippines are admitted . . . to be a liability. Every war plan this country has contemplates their immediate abandonment and expensive manoeuvres for their eventual recapture! "National Greed and the Philippines" by Carter Field (*Forum*).

▶▶ THOUGH THE COPIES were perfectly clear, I found it difficult at the moment to read these letters. Before me lay the undiscovered evidence, so long and so ardently sought. What might such letters not contain? Eagerness to know their secrets, and the fear of finding out too little or too much, made the words swim before my eyes. With an effort I read them through. . . . it was painfully startling to be thrown on a sudden into the midst of this the greatest convulsion of Shelley's sensitive nature. "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet" by Leslie Hotson (*Atlantic Monthly*).

▶▶ EVERYWHERE underfoot in the dripping tropics are the torrid missionaries of many sects, mostly southern; they have one Faith, some Hope, no Charity, and the same frank outstretched open palms. "Overseas Americans" by R. C. Brown (*American Mercury*).

▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶ "The Locked Door"

HERE IS a picture for those who have been bemoaning the death of good old blood-and-thunder on the screen since talking came in. Originally written by Brother Channing Pollock (New York's great theatrical evangelist), it is a wild and lurid account of what happens when a stenographer goes to a floating speakeasy outside the twelve mile limit with her boss's dissolute son.

The Locked Door is uneven, sagging a bit in the middle, but the last half is corking hokum melodrama, and altogether it should keep you entertained for an evening. Barbara Stanwyck is the innocent stenographer while Rod La Rocque, sprinkling his conversation with atrocious French to show his wickedness, plays the nasty man-about-town. Betty Bronson is the kid sister and William Boyd the nice young man.

The honorable gentlemen of the Coast Guard cut the cables, pull the floating speakeasy inside the twelve mile limit and stage a "vice raid." The implication is that only underworld characters and Lost Women drink liquor, an insult to some of America's oldest and best families. *The Locked Door* is old hokum, but good hokum.

▶▶ "Night Ride"

Edward G. Robinson, recently recruited from the stage, gives such an excellent performance as a Chicago gangster in this newspaper talkie that one almost overlooks the fantastic plot and frantic overacting of Joseph Schildkraut. *Night Ride* bears a strange resemblance to *The Front Page*, but of course lacks that play's violent language. If only Mr. Schildkraut would stop clutching at his neck and making funny noises *Night Ride* would be a lot better.

▶▶ "Hit the Deck"

Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse animated cartoon *Wild*

Waves, which happened to be showing with *Hit the Deck* when I saw that film, is not only funnier and more ingenious by far than anything in this celluloid edition of the Vincent Youmans musical show, but makes a better use of its medium.

This is no condemnation of *Hit the Deck*, which is a good reproduction of the nautical musical comedy which played on Broadway some years ago. The tunes (including "Hallelujah" and "Sometimes I'm Happy") are still grand if you don't mind hearing them again so soon, and Jack Oakie's comedy and Polly Walker's singing and dancing are both first rate by musical comedy standards. All this, of course, provided you care for canned musical shows.

The difficulty with *Hit the Deck* (and also with *Sally*, *Rio Rita*, and others), is that they are merely photographic copies of stage musical pieces. The crazy little animated cartoon, with its infinite and bewildering vitality is as real as it ever was because it is an entirely cinematic creation, even when equipped with sound. The stage musical comedy has conventions which often come out rather badly on the screen. Songs take time. Dance numbers must take place on a special floor and be apologized for. Feeble plots (*Hit the Deck* has no plot at all) stand out as though subjected to an X-ray. Scenes end arbitrarily, when the singers come to the end of a chorus. There is a constant and often annoying struggle for the audience's attention. The movie-goer is interested in the story while the singer is interested in displaying his voice.

We who sit out front want to go on and find out what happens next, but the composer has thirty more bars to go and meanwhile we wait.

Speaking of new musical films, the Duncan Sisters are weeping and squeaking on each other's blonde shoulders in a film called *It's a Great Life*. It is the most tearful back-stage-heartache drama to date. When you see it, run.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro singing in a mild costume operetta.

Disraeli: George Arliss in his old play, as distinguished as ever.

The Laughing Lady: Adult comedy with Ruth Chatterton charming as the divorcee.

Navy Blues: Bill Haines in his first talkie—much better than usual.

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier breaking the hearts of American women.

The Taming of the Shrew: Doug and Mary slinging crockery in Shakespeare's comedy.

The Virginian: Gary Cooper doing splendidly in a talking western.

Not So Good

Behind the Makeup: Another backstage film almost saved by William Powell.

No, No Nanette: The old show, now in cans.

Sally: Also the old show, also in cans.

The Show of Shows: Even the Warners wonder why they made this.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Home

HE WAS CALLED the Goose. He had lost more jobs than he could remember, and had drifted in and out of more places than he cared to think about. Nobody loved him and he loved nobody. He was poor and he was growing old.

But how could the little skye terrier have known any of this? And what could he have done with the knowledge? The little dog could scarcely remember his own life even. Often there was a gnawing ache in his body that was familiar to him, that made him dash unexpectedly at objects along the curb that looked swallowable. There was a shiver, too, which he knew as misery. But beyond these two familiar feelings, life was new and unexpected, and always in the present.

The day on which he met the Goose had been full of aches and shivers. Water had fallen out of the sky and pelted him into unexplored shelters. Kicks and stones had pelted him into the open again and brought him finally to a strange part of what seemed a strange city, where a damp but tasty smell of garbage led him on.

At the brink of a sudden precipice he paused. Here the falling water had poured itself into a stream so great he could only peer down with blinking eyes. Already several streets were trying to jump over the water but were stopped half way, their front paws under water, their backs reared.

Upon one of these daring streets the small skye terrier ventured out. He had spied far ahead what looked to be a wall of wood. On the other side of that wall there might be shelter! There might be scraps. He was alone, but though the rain still struck at him his heart was not so heavy. The adventurous spark of the unknown began to warm him. The odor of garbage deepened. At the first wall he paused. There was another running off from it. In it there was a door.

Even as he discovered it, the door swung open slowly. He had not time to growl. He could only crouch back suddenly into the beating rain and defend himself from any chance missile. And as he stared up brightly through his straggling hair—through the rain—he looked into the face of the Goose.

The Goose stood still and frowned at him, but the terrier wagged his tail, dimly. He knew, as though he had

known it all his life, the smile that was to follow, the slow, uncertain grin of recognition.

"Better come in," said the Goose, speaking to the dog but looking at the rain, "it's wet."

The little terrier straightened up. He shook off the rain as best he could and with no further apology he scrambled into his home.

He knew as well as though his life had been spent learning it that he had waited always for this day—this shiver and ache and rain—this open door. He knew before he entered the shack just what lay within; the stove that would warm him; the bed upon which his friend would lie; the table under which he would make himself at home. He knew the deliciously satisfying smell of one-man-and-old-clothes that hung upon the Goose. But best of all he knew the Goose, whom he had never seen until this moment in the flesh. The rough and graying hair, the kind and careless hand, the uncertain smile and heavy walk. These marked the spot where the small dog belonged and where his life began.

The Goose went on explaining to him as though he had never stopped: "Got me a good job, boy. Might's well own the whole pier, you'n me. Go me fifty-fifty on it?" the smile—the joke that was understood between them—"Fifty-fifty it is then. You watch half the pier, I watch the rest of it. We're the watchman. You and me, we're the whole show."

Days melted into weeks and months, but for the two upon the pier, time had stopped. Their existence swung happily between the sky and river. They ate and slept, tramped and barked, and without thinking about it knew a perfect companionship, a secret and unspoken understanding.

On the night when the stove went up in flames, there was only one thing, then, that must be saved. Not the table, not the bed, not even his master who lay too heavily asleep in the strangling smoke. When the little dog had run his strength out and had barked his voice away, struggling to find help where, after all, he had never found it—he stood outside the door of the open shack and watched the reason for his life go up in flames; but only for a second. It took no longer than that for him to shake the smoke from out his hair and scramble into the flames—at home, beside his friend.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

IT GIVES US great pleasure to announce that "Thief's Progress," the autobiography of an ex-thief, by John Coffey will begin in the next issue. The initial instalment covers the boyhood and early life of a man who was to be arrested eleven times, serve six prison terms and twice be committed to insane asylums. Mr. Coffey is now a wood dealer and lives in New York. His story contributes much to an understanding of the personal lives of the inmates of our prisons and is a vivid picture of the Underworld.



THE INEVITABLE chorus of the I-told-you-so school of economists has created the common impression that the small investor was hardest hit in the recent stock market crash. Lawrence Stern financial editor of the New York *World* thinks this impression is false. In "Back to Bonds?" Mr. Stern claims that the small investors are still primarily interested in buying stocks. Reports from the odd-lot houses show that the little fellows have bought in total more stocks since the crash than even the Morgan consortium.



THE COLLAPSE of the world's biggest bull market is, however, only one of many items that convince Frederick Lewis Allen that the so-called post-war period is coming to a close. In "The End of an Era" he shows how the waning interest in religious controversy, sex and psychology, to mention only a few of the questions which have lately been occupying a large part of the public's attention, indicate that we are entering a new period which will bring its own problems. Mr. Allen is one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*.



MUCH AS WE delight in poking fun at Boston for its literary and dramatic censorship, recent events indicate that liberty is not entirely dead in the Hub. Such at least is the conclusion reached by Richard F. Warner, a member of the staff of the New York *Evening Post*, in his article, "Boston Sees the Joke." What with Bishop Lawrence resigning from the Watch and Ward Society and the *Transcript* praising Mayor Curley, Mr. Warner thinks things are looking up.

Alda

By PITTS SANBORN

I WISH that pursuant to the best tradition of hagiography I could begin in an unquestioning belief with the birth and childhood of the saint. But the singer Alda, like the poet Homer, has yet, I fear, to reach that stage of beatification where faith crystallizes into fact and the miracle has become the monument. Meantime, as in the case of the blind bard of Greece, cities quarrel for the honor of being called her birthplace.

Whether Frances Alda was once upon a time little Francie Adler of Melbourne, a *Pinafore* girl, a *Patience* girl, a three-little-girl from school; whether she ever adorned the music halls of Brisbane and Sydney; whether she swept across the Western World disguised as one of those storied invincibles, the Barrison Sisters; whether the Marquis of Carabas really was her great-great-grandfather and the resourceful Puss-in-Boots a family connection—all this de-

ponent knoweth not. But Mme. Alda promises to tell all and more when she brings out her autobiography. While we are impatiently waiting for that document, it is worthy of note that when applying for a license to wed Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, she gave Christchurch, New Zealand, as the place of her birth, declared her father to be Albert Davis, a native of England, her mother Leonora Simonson, a native of Montevideo, and her age—well, that's no-

body's business but her own, is it?

How did Frances Alda reach the Metropolitan? Luck had its hand in that. Money was found in Australia to send her to Paris to study with Marchesi, teacher of Melba, Calvé, Eames, etc. In 1904 she emerged at the Paris Opéra Comique in the title rôle of Mas-

senet's *Manon*. Thence she proceeded to the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, where her rôles were numerous. But her goal was Covent Garden, London. Melba, the uncrowned queen of Covent Garden, would let no other Australian sing there, she, according to the legend, was told. "Give me one year," she retorted. At the end of that year she appeared at Covent Garden, first as Marguerite in *Faust* and then as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. The jester was the incomparable Battistini, while Caruso sang the Duke. Cleofanti Campanini, Covent Garden's conductor, was well enough pleased with her work to



Wide World

MADAME FRANCES ALDA

take her to Parma to sing a festival *Rigoletto* with Bonci as the Duke. From the historic Teatro alla Scala of Milan came Giulio Gatti-Casazza, its manager, and Arturo Toscanini, its musical director, to hear the performance. Gatti-Casazza was planning to give Charpentier's *Louise*. For the heroine he had in mind one Cesira Ferrani. She had personality and a figure, but, alas! her voice was worn. "We can't let her sing Louise's aria before a Scala audience," said Toscanini to Gatti. "What do you propose we do?"

replied his chief. "Here's this little Alda," suggested the Maestro. So Alda created Louise at La Scala and in the autumn of 1908 accompanied Gatti to New York—Gatti whom she was to marry in the spring of 1910 and divorce (*more Mexicana*) in the winter of 1929. Parenthetically, when in 1906 Oscar Hammerstein was seeking sopranos for his first Manhattan season, he heard Alda in Brussels and asked her terms. But when he offered her half of what she had named, she declined. Suppose she *had* gone to the Manhattan? Luck took her to the Metropolitan.

At her *début* on Broadway, in December, 1908, the Elder Statesmen of criticism knocked her hard. She stood the punishment for two years, then took a season off from the Metropolitan. She made influential friends; she worked industriously at her singing and improved it; she toured the country in concert; she became a power. Gentle upon the stage as a lamb-like pleasure-yacht, off the stage the woman was a super-dreadnaught. Before she consented to quit Mr. Gatti-Casazza's troupe, she already had conquered the kingdom of the air. Now she is soprano elect to Puccini by radio, acquiring a larger audience than any four dingy yellow walls can house. On the occasion of her Metropolitan farewell, last December, seasoned observers spoke of her going with deep regret, as though the faithful *débutante* of 1908 were now the last of the great singers.

Short, robust, compact, blessed with a luminous smile, Mme. Alda is a frank and forthright person who has always dared to speak her mind. She has declared that a good singer has got to be plump. She has admitted that she regrets marrying Gatti-Casazza because as a manager's wife her ambitions were constantly thwarted. Still, music has had no more than its due share in the existence of this vigorous, square-rigged, shipshape little woman. She can dance all night and she thinks nothing of swimming two miles at a stretch. "When the day comes that I am without beaux," she said in a recent interview, "that day I commit suicide."

The Future of the Hinterland

(Continued from Page 168)

tions. Once it was the dignity of Masonic ritual that appealed to the men; the reading of Shakespeare or Browning that wooed the women. Now it is the singing of "pep" songs and the discussion of business that wins the men; and bridge or reviews of the novels of Warwick Deeping or Philip Gibbs that lure the women. In the

matter of social responsibility the difference, too, is to be remarked. Those early colonials, returning from the East, started the local libraries, bought pictures and gave them to the high school, planted a park and put in a fountain. A little research work on the shelves of the successors and heirs of these libraries, the Carnegie Libraries, will reveal that the standard of books bought was higher than that of the present-day purchases. True, the pictures were only Perry re-prints but they were of masterpieces. In the matter of architecture the difference is most spectacular because the amount of money now available for public buildings is many times what it was then and yet the results are so far inferior. And why? Because when the public libraries were built twenty-five years ago, the best taste of the town was enlisted, usually a foreign architect was chosen, and purity of style insisted upon. Today the local man must be employed, willy-nilly, with what result is to be seen in the War Memorial auditoriums scattered over the land. Local men were employed on them both. But the local men who built those square, stately houses of the colonial days had a sense of proportion, a memory of what they had left behind, or frankly went to the books of the masters; whereas the new men, reared in the old home town, copy out a diagram from a commercial magazine.

It is, indeed, the man who did not belong to the group that went to the "home" city periodically, who was reared in the old home town, who inherited the scorn of his father for innovations and for the culture he did not have, who has in many cases risen to the leadership of the present back country. Money, or the practice of a local profession, or the service of the public either politically or by way of shop or bank, gives him leadership. But coming up this man brought with him little taste, and scorn of what the colonial called culture. Naturally this leader was, and is, provincial in his standards. Of course after he made his money he traveled, went to the city, went to the centers. But as I have said, he did not go as the colonials did—to get things to copy, to renew his allegiance—but to inspect. Travel does not affect provincialism. The provincial takes himself along and brings himself back.

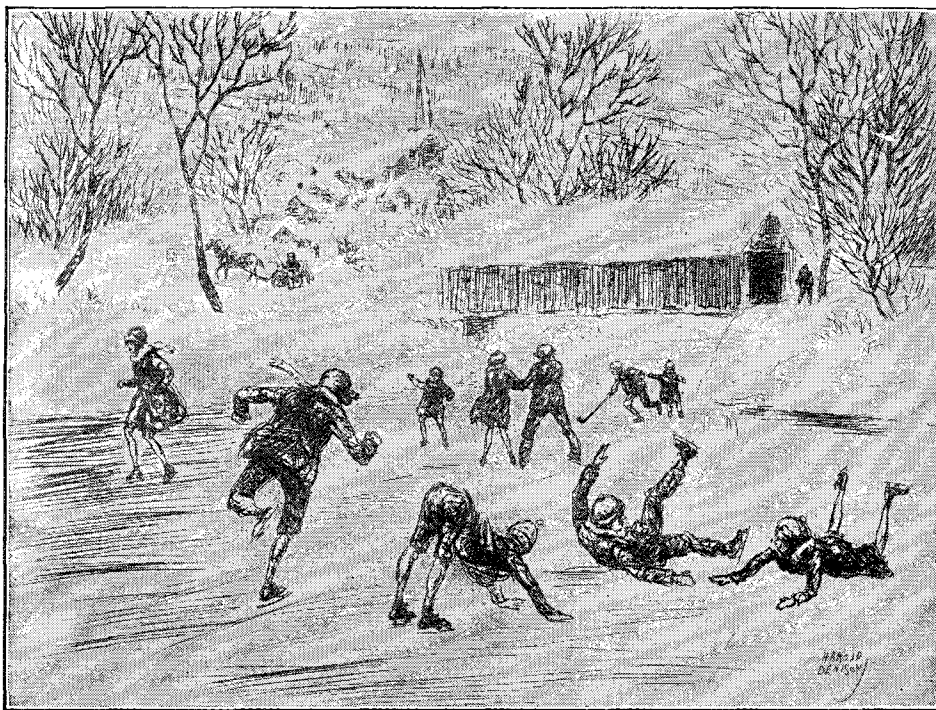
I can hear the inevitable retort to all this rise from the back country: "There are provincials in New York City." And of course there are by the thousands, if you take provincial to mean smug satisfaction with the cus-

toms and ideas of one's own environment; but the city does not take its culture and its customs, its color and its tone from them.

And of course there are many men and women living in the back country who are not provincials. A province must have its satrap and the ruling power must have its agents there. In every part of the back country there are men, living there with their families, whose kinship, whose interests, whose tastes are those of New York. Local bankers, some of them, agents for national public service companies, bond salesmen, mining engineers. There are the newcomers, too, soldiers of fortune, who come out to the back country to make their money and stay, compromising with although not accepting the ways of the provincial. And there are also sons and daughters of colonials who have held to their colonial attitude, "high hat" their provincial neighbors, and think everything derives from the far center.

These colonials send their children to far-off schools, they import furniture and architecture and ideas, and are anathema to their provincial neighbors. And there are a few, also—and in them perhaps lies the only hope of the solution of the problem of the hinterland—who have made so much money, one way or another, that they become allies of the centers, meeting the leaders of these centers, as men who have something to give, not as tribute but as an investment.

I have in mind such a man. Of course this man had an innate love of the beautiful, the temperament of the benefactor, and the sense of *noblesse oblige* without which wealth alone could not have availed him. He has met men of great wealth in the cities as an equal. He has seen how they live. He recognizes that they have means of enjoyment that he has not known—an experience in ordered living, for instance, an appreciation of pictures and music, a sublimation of the acquisitive instinct by the collecting of rare things, and the joy of making beauty in houses, gardens, grounds. He desires to emulate them, to be equal with them in these things as in money. So he attempts in his own back country to develop such a life for himself. He builds a lovely house, plants an exquisite garden, bringing to his undertaking the best talent he can import. He changes his mode of living, adopts the formal pattern, buys pictures and begins the collection of rare bindings. This man sees, too, how men of wealth elsewhere command civic honors by financing public undertakings like



Courtesy Kennedy & Company

THE FROZEN RIVER
An etching by Harold Denison

libraries and picture galleries and child welfare clinics. He buys the local newspaper. He imports a brilliant editor. He tells him to make a good paper regardless of the balance sheet. He gives a picture gallery to his town. Occasionally he brings a first class artist to the town and invites the public to hear him. He sends boys and girls to college. He makes up the deficit of a visiting Symphony. He tells the school board he will pay for a lecture course for the students.

Whether he is raising the level of culture remains to be seen. He is undoubtedly doing a public service, for he is bringing the provincials in contact with things they had not known before. By changing his methods of living he is asserting that a method of living indicates social and financial standing, or, put otherwise, that ordered living follows financial success, thus stimulating others to change their ways. For emulation is not dead in provincials; it is simply smothered.

All of this is to the good. But before any benefactor can relieve any part of the back country of provincialism, he must do more than serve as the example and import the objects to satisfy the better tastes. The colonial had standards of taste, and importation was his method of satisfying them. Salvation can hardly come by a return to that. Importation like my friend's may serve to obscure the problem for that particular community but not to solve it. He must do what the colonial failed to do. The taste raised, he must lead his friends and neighbors to

develop within themselves the means of satisfying it.

One place in this country has solved it, and under great difficulties. For if anything could deter a town from solving it, the influx of tourists and the tourist mind would surely do it. Yet Santa Fe is that unique thing in our country, a piece of the back country that is not provincial, not colonial, but self-satisfying, self-expressive, providing its own beauty, its own stimulation, with a level of taste that refuses to be prostituted to a commercial brand of culture. Artists go there and build houses and gardens of beauty, paint pictures that adorn the walls of its public buildings and private houses. Authors go there and write books that sell around the world. But neither go as spectators or as visitors. They go to become citizens. And they want to become citizens because in Santa Fe there was a culture and citizens with a high enough level of taste to preserve that culture. In going there these artists and authors have added to the number of these citizens of taste. But the others were first there.

In other places other methods may be necessary. It is possible that detachment from the center must follow colonialism, that after this detachment there will come a new cultivation, a new flowering, as after transplanting there comes a period of dormancy, then cultivation and then new growth.

But it is also possible that with the standardization of entertainment by the movie and the radio, with standardization of equipment and furniture by

chain stores, all possibility of local culture is closed. It is equally possible that as every town becomes like every other town and every one in the town is forced to buy what every one else does, what will happen will not be a movement from provincialism but a movement towards aristocracy. The instinct for culture, the desire for distinction of living dies hard. And the city, because of the larger population it serves, will always be able to have entertainment that is special, original, and addressed to the cultivated; because of the wider area it taps it will always be able to support a few stores offering variety and unique, beautiful things that may serve one's needs and taste simultaneously. Naturally, those who have this instinct and this desire will go to the city to find their entertainment and to buy their equipment for living. There they will meet men from other towns, like-minded with themselves, and exchange ideas with them. Meeting them, such a man will be kept to his higher standard of living. Being thrown often with strangers he will keep his manners, also, to a higher standard. And because he finds this satisfaction for his tastes and needs in the city, he will take less and less interest in the old home town. Because he can get his entertainment in the city, he will care less and less what the home town can offer. When asked to make contributions, he will need his money for the next trip. Already there are hundreds of families who save for eight months that they may spend four in Florida or California; others who save that they may go once or twice for a month each to New York; others who spend little in the back country that they may go oftener to the nearest city where they are making a place for themselves as part-time residents.

And so the line between the two groups I have described will deepen. In time the city-goer may even come to throw off his thralldom to the provincial stay-at-home and vaunt his difference, becoming to the back country which secretly he despises what the county family is to back country England, its aristocrat, living off it but not of it, separated entirely from its habits and its customs and its standards. If that day comes, then the provincial who can not go to the city, who must buy in the home town what mass production provides, who sees nothing else except as he gazes on the mysterious interiors presented on the screen of those who live in another stratum of society, who knows only the manners and habits of those situated like himself, who hears only what the radio provides for the

taste of the masses, who reads only what is provided for mass consumption, may find his scorn change to envy. Or he may even sink into that lower state that makes a virtue of the difference, the last resort of yeomanry. That may be the end. The problem of the hinterland is: What shall be done about provincialism?

The Perils of Parity

(Continued from Page 173)

between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan with regard to the Pacific area. Whether Great Britain will care to add to the obligations she already has in Europe under the League Covenant and the Locarno Pacts by signing such a treaty remains to be seen. Certainly she will be reluctant to do so unless France and Italy will accept a cruiser ratio which will not constitute a menace to the British line of communications from Gibraltar to Suez.

The Mediterranean, important as it is in the relations between Britain and France, is secondary to the submarine issue. France promises to be intransigent in her opposition to any limitation on submarines. The will to national power has been focussed upon this weapon. In the French imagination it is France's one effective check to British domination in European waters. The French argument that the submarine is essentially a defensive weapon may be given such weight as it deserves. But with the record of the German submarine attack upon English shipping open to the world, it is impossible to conceal the fact that an unlimited sub-

marine fleet operating from nearby French bases might not only cripple England but bring her to her knees, despite the unquestioned superiority of her surface fleet.

England cannot forget the French military tradition nor that the two countries have been enemies much more frequently than they have been allies. No English government can be expected seriously to reduce the cruiser strength of the British navy in the face of the potential menace of an unlimited French submarine fleet.

Thus the London Conference must meet its most serious difficulties in finding a satisfactory solution to the differences between France and Italy and between France and Britain. The Hoover-MacDonald conversations, regardless of the care which was taken to avoid giving the impression that an Anglo-American agreement was to be forced on the other powers, must necessarily have been based upon the hope at least that France and Italy would fall in line as Japan has. So far little progress has been made toward the realization of that hope. Without that, any agreement as to parity between the British and American fleets loses all significance as regards the reduction or even the limitation of naval armaments.

It is clear that France is cast for the disagreeable rôle at London. Upon her will fall the burden of contesting the Anglo-American thesis supported by Japan and with Italy remaining in the background willing to accept any figure which France obtains for herself. Foreseeing this probable isolation, France has insisted from the beginning



Ewing Galloway

Harbor Scene, Marseilles, France

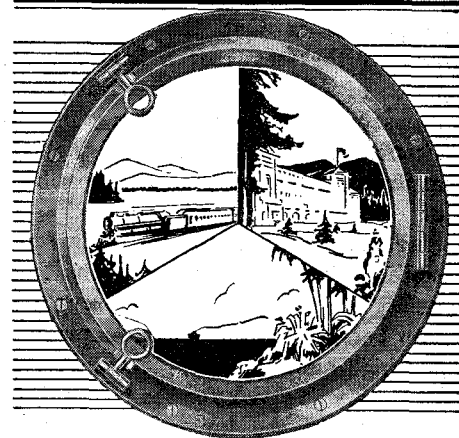


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that anything which is done at London must be considered as merely a preliminary discussion to prepare the ground for a general disarmament conference to be held at Geneva under the auspices of the League. France thus puts herself forward as the champion of the League and at the same time preserves her thesis that land, sea and air armaments should be considered as a whole rather than separately. Incidentally she hopes to bring the final decision before a body in which she wields an influence vastly greater than she can hope to have at London.

Thus it is that the parity which seemed the means of a happy conciliation of Anglo-American naval rivalry arouses the apprehension of the French as a peril to their national aspirations and carries the possibility of substituting Anglo-French for Anglo-American antipathy. This possibility in turn menaces the very parity agreement which brought it into being. There will be ample room for high statesmanship at London. If the men who speak for the powers there can unravel the tangled skein to the satisfaction of all concerned, they will deserve the deepest gratitude of their peoples.

What Makes a Criminal?

(Continued from Page 183)

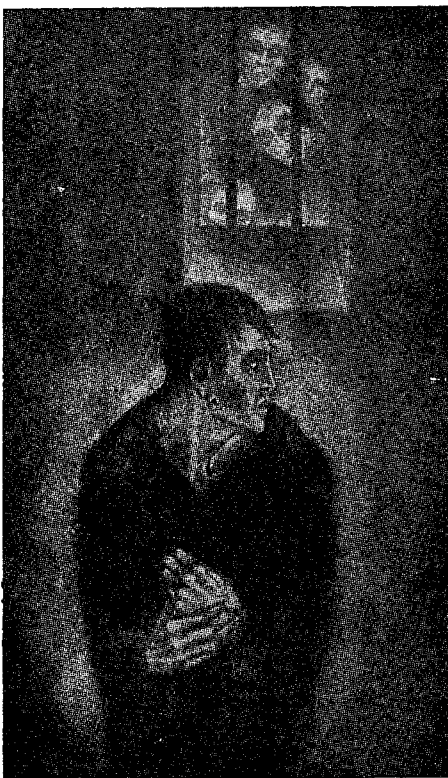
the Probation Bureau decreed should be in prison it is amply plain that the task of the prison psychiatrist, the task of the whole prison as an institution, is becoming increasingly difficult.

Hope springs eternal in the breasts of those who handle criminals. "Don't give up the prisoner," approximates their motto. They try to regenerate him without sending him to prison; that failing, they try it in prison; and, whether that succeeds or fails, they try it when he is liberated. This last method is called parole. There has been a great deal of discussion about parole. The pity of it is that it never has been tried. Many people assume that it exists, just as they imagine scientists have developed some hocus-pocus for injecting criminals in electric baths which adjust their glands and make them honest men. But, except in the most haphazard way, parole never has been fairly administered, and, until a year or so ago, no account of it has been taken.

The theory of parole is excellent, and its advocates have been put to too much effort to defend it. Incautiously they have asserted that eighty-five per cent of convicts released before the expiration of their terms to begin life anew

have made the most of their opportunities. They measured success by the non-appearance of the parolee's name on the prison registers during the time of his parole period. This was meaningless. So Dr. Sheldon Glueck and his wife, Eleanor T. Glueck, made a study for Harvard Life School, searching the after-lives of 510 criminals paroled from the Massachusetts Reformatory.

They found, by tracing as far as China and Australia in some cases, that 60.2 per cent were total failures, 17.7 per cent partial failures, and 22.1 per cent successes—using arbitrary definitions of their own concoction. That is merely an indictment of parole as it



Drawn by Lynd Ward

*"And through the bars that hide the stars
While faces seemed to peer."*

Oscar Wilde

has been haphazardly practiced and not of the ideal.

Dr. Thayer is a very progressive penologist and has evolved what he calls the Napanoch System, which has been adopted in some sections of England. It is for the gradual release of prisoners. That is, a man at a certain stage of his term should be taken from the prison proper and be put in a guarded camp where the discipline would be looser; then into a second camp, where there would be no guards, and periodic visits home, anywhere outside, would be allowed. The next step would be genuine parole, and the ultimate one, complete release. It has not, however, found favor with our penological pundits.

The difficulty that lies in the way of

this and other needed experiments in this country is the law itself. Dr. Thayer showed how ridiculous the criminal statutes are. Take the legal definitions of petit larceny and grand larceny. The lesser is the theft of something valued at less than \$100; the greater, more than \$100. Now, whether a thief steals \$65 or \$165 is of little consequence except to the loser. The intent, the act were the same. Research will show that the difference has a theological origin, when church and state were one.

It would be interesting to know, too, how legislators arrive at the arbitrariness of say, ten years for robbery; five years for forgery, etc. It is not so difficult to see why there has been a lengthening of terms, a disposition among the legislatures to make the terms, however senseless they be, genuinely arbitrary. Every one is aware of the political alliance between the criminal courts, prosecutors and the underworld. It should be apparent that longer and mandatory terms were imposed upon the bench by the Legislature because the public had lost confidence in the judges.

It is notorious that convicts grumble at the way things are done; that they cannot puzzle out why one man receives five years for doing this, and another receives ten years for something else of equal impropriety, as they see it. The public grumbled, too, particularly when it noted that some desperado with political influence managed to wheedle a light term for a seemingly serious offense. The public grumbled and the so-called Baumes laws resulted.

Less intelligence has been brought to bear on this aspect of penology than on probation and parole. And yet every branch of penology should be held to answer for one glaring omission; and that is the lack of consideration for the factor of sex. Psychologists recognize sex as fairly dominant, as motivator and controller. But in prison the subject is ignored, except for crude punishments to repress it. As social engineers, constructing a society in which crime is to be held to the irreducible minimum, our so-called experts hardly consider this powerful element, mainly because in the present state of the nation's theological pruderies the subject is taboo. The sexual situation in jails and prisons where men are confined for long periods is infamous to the last degree.

Dr. Baker is one who realizes it. "Prison has accomplished all it can for some men the day they enter these walls," he said. "They are penitent,

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adequately punished, and as reformed as they ever will be. For them incarceration in this atmosphere of unhealthy crime and sex-saturation is harmful. For some a lifetime of imprisonment is not enough to cure them. But, of course, men are not sent here on that principle."

So far as the probation of adolescents is concerned, for whom sex problems are infinitely more complex, the

practical problem is even more difficult. In a society which punished Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett for her monograph for adolescents no common agreement could be expected. But the quicker students of human behavior wonder how social agencies, which deny Mrs. Dennett, and withhold such facilities as the Birth Control Clinic for the delinquent and impoverished family group, will make much progress.

Dr. Baker told me that he divided the prison population of New York State into three equally numerous groups—the promising, unpromising and the obviously abnormal, the last two definite menaces to society who must come out of prison sooner or later. There are 6,000 odd prisoners just now in this state alone. Some 4,000 menaces ought to be reason enough to get the facts and then face them.

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 161)

Criticism of a legitimate kind no one objects to, but simply to bring up absurd tales that are not worth the paper they are printed on, is not my sense of fair criticism, and cannot serve any good purpose. To secure justice from others is to do justice to others.

EUSTACE T. HODGSON

►► "Insufficient Pay"

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I read with interest "Sale, Navy, Sale" in your December 18th issue. How well I know that all this navy wife says is true, true, true. Her tales of official entertaining bring back vividly elaborate and costly parties for various congressional "junkets" traveling to the Philippines to study that political situation. Two days in Manila and most of these "half-wets" blandly published weighty statements of how the Philippine problems were to be handled. These same congressional "junkets", by the way, travel on our Army Transports which are supposed to be reserved solely for officers, and men, and their families traveling under official order—and are allotted the choicest accommodations on board. They pay a rate of about \$1.50 per day per person for their food, nothing for their state rooms. They take with them any number of distant and non-dependent relatives, a thing prohibited to officers. And we poor army folk are expected to entertain them graciously and literally open our hearts to them.

True—Army and Navy officers do live beyond their incomes socially, but a certain social level is expected of them and their pride will not let them fall below their fellow officers.

I expect that many resignations do show "insufficient pay" as a reason. It is amazing that there are so few officers pursued by creditors. Their economic ingenuity exercised under the difficult and expensive living conditions is nothing short of remarkable.

JEAN BURNS SZYMANSKI

►► Football from Another Angle

Watertown, Minnesota

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As teacher-coach in a small high school, I have followed with much interest the articles by John R. Tunis. There is a definite need in some places for the sort of idealism he represents.

But there is also the practical job of running a school, not only the school with a large stadium and prosperous

athletic association, but also the small high school and small college. Probably it will be news to Mr. Tunis to learn that three-fourths of the high schools in the United States enroll one hundred or fewer pupils. (U. S. Bureau of Education).

Instead of slush funds, flowing coffers, and commercialized athletes, most schools end the season with a deficit. The average high school sells magazines for the commission, puts on plays and carnivals, circulates subscription lists, and arbitrarily taxes the pupils to have money enough to buy necessary equipment. There is not money enough even for medical attention.

And in such schools student control is idle talk. With the usual exceptions which reporters like to quote, student control means deficits, disrupted discipline, and inefficiency. It is not necessary to make mistakes to learn, Mr. Tunis to the contrary. That is based upon animal trial and error psychology. There is less merit in bad originality than intelligent imitation. Much of the present trouble with athletics is the outgrowth of having dallied with student and alumni control until conditions became intolerable.

A player has enough room to develop personality after he has learned all a coach can teach him. Mr. Tunis credits coaches with abilities they do not possess when he says they control the play.

The public in general, led by sports writers, thinks only of athletics as found in the hundred or so big schools, and forgets the thousands where poor equipment, football fields in cow pastures, gymnasiums in shacks, and underpaid teacher-coaches are the rule. Personally, I'd like to see my team commercialized enough to have adequate equipment, and to be overpaid till I might live as prosperously as a good mechanic.

VICTOR C. SMITH

►► Slavery and Prohibition

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I read with great interest the article by Gov. Ritchie in the Outlook, of October twenty-third. His position is perfectly sound so far as it goes. The working out of his ideas, as there expressed, would put us back where we were before the Eighteenth Amendment, with those states dry that chose to be dry and those states wet that preferred to be wet, but with these differences—that the federal government would be regulating interstate and foreign trade in intoxicating liquors, while we would still have the Eighteenth Amendment, as a precedent for future trespasses on state autonomy and individual liberty.

For the regulation of interstate and foreign trade in intoxicating liquors, the sanction of the Eighteenth Amendment

is unnecessary. This could be accomplished under the commerce clause of the Constitution. Therefore, why not repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and invoke instead the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the states and with foreign countries, as a means of protecting those states which wish to exclude intoxicating liquors from their territory?

The most important aspect of the Eighteenth Amendment is its political aspect. It is more important to preserve the autonomy of the states and the civil rights of the individual, than it is to suppress the liquor traffic. If, instead of having set back the cause of temperance for fifty years, it did actually accomplish what it was intended to accomplish, the Eighteenth Amendment would still be a menace, and its repeal the most important duty before the country at this time.

The cause of prohibition is handicapped by the fact that few who are politically minded dare to come out publicly against it, however strong may be their private convictions in that direction. This fear of consequences has hitherto shaped the position of both parties on the question. To borrow an expression from our boyhood, "One is afraid and the other dastn't."

A great many people believe that the Eighteenth Amendment was passed by the efforts of an organized minority, and that it has never had the support of the majority of the people of this country. It may have made some friends since its adoption, but certainly many who were in favor of it at the beginning are as strongly against it at the present time. The political party which first has the courage and vision to come out against the amendment, and all its attending train of evils, will find itself unexpectedly popular. The opportunity that slavery gave to the Republican Party, prohibition offers to whichever party may take it up. That party which makes the repeal its primary purpose, may gain for itself as secure a hold upon the country, as did the Republican Party at the close of the Civil War. The candidate who, whatever his party, dares to go before the country on this issue, will have the support of many in disregard of party lines, for to these the cause is more important than any partisan advantage.

If the Democratic party had nominated, let us say Gov. Ritchie, on a platform that had as its first plank the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it would have raised a standard to which a vast number of independent voters would have rallied. It would have made a much better showing than it did in the last election, and would have set the stage for a successful campaign three years hence.

Many life long Republicans, whose sympathies are all with that party, hope that its leaders will feel the drift of popular sentiment and foresee the ultimate fate of prohibition, before their eyes are opened by adverse experience.

ARTHUR WM. BARBER